ANCIENT

METRICAL TALES:

CHIEFLY PRINTED

FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES.

Ancient Metrical Tales:

PRINTED CHIEFLY

FROM ORIGINAL SOURCES.

EDITED BY

THE REV. CHARLES HENRY HARTSHORNE, M. A.

" Adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema."



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MDCCCXXIX.



TO

SIR FRANCIS FREELING, BARONET,

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED,

IN ADMIRATION OF HIS

LITERARY TASTE,

AND IN ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE

KINDNESSES

CONFERRED BY HIM UPON ITS

EDITOR.

A POSTSCRIPT PREFACED.

Little Wenlock, Salop, Dec. 15, 1828.

THE present Volume is sent forth in a smaller size than that in which its Editor originally intended it should appear. It was commenced during a residence in the University, and purposed for enlargement as future opportunities might occur. But as nearly four years have now elapsed since the transcripts were first made, and as there appears every probability of a still longer delay if the Editor's earlier plans are adhered to, he has thought it prudent to abandon them, and commit it to the press in its present state.

The professional duties of a large parish, together with a want of access to those books illustrative of Early Poetry, which are to be found only

in the Libraries of the curious, have prevented him from elucidating his subject by more copious notes or a glossary.* To the reader, already initiated into these mysteries, such helps would be unnecessary, whilst the wants, or the complaints of those who are but beginning to tread in the "primrose path," may be answered by the words of Sir Philip Sidney, "that there are many mysteries contained in poetry, which of purpose were written darkly, lest by profane wits it should be abused."

* The earliest transcript was Piers of Ffulham; to this are appended some scanty notes at the end of the present volume, which may serve to show, in part, what was the editor's plan of illustration.

CONTENTS.

The volume in Caius College Library from which this Romance is transcribed, contains the following pieces: it is in small quarto, and written upon vellum, about the middle of the 14th century.

1. Vita Ricardi regis prima (imperfect).
2. Hic incipit de milite Isumbras.
3. . . . . vita S$^{tm.}$ Katerine Virginis.

This contains about seven hundred and sixty lines: there is also in the Library her life in Latin verse, written by Carolus Scotus, and dedicated to the Bishop of Lincoln: this latter appears to have been the author's own copy.

4. Eight Matin Masses De cruce in Anglicis verbis transpositi.

At myd day he was nayld foot and hande
Jhu to the roode.

5 Bevys of Hamptoun.

Lordyng lystnith to my tale
That is meryer than the nightingale.

6. KING ATHELSTONE.

Lord that is off myrtys most
Ffadyr and sone and holy gost

II. A TALE OF KING EDWARD AND THE SHEPHERD. Page 35.

The Manuscript from which this tale is transcribed is in the Public Library, lettered Ff. v. LXVIII. it is a paper book in small quarto, written in the 15th century, containing a collection of English poems, ascribed in the Old Catalogue of this Library to Gilbert Pilkyngton, because at the end of one of them there is written "Explicit q[d] Gilbert Pilkyngton;" a form often used by transcribers of MSS. and which I have several times met with at the end of Treatises, whose titles plainly shewed them to have been written by persons different from those who placed their signatures after this manner at the conclusion. When therefore such modes of expression as "Explicit A. B." or "Finis quod A. B." occur in MSS. it can only be inferred that A. B. was the transcriber, and not that he was the author. I see no sufficient ground for ascribing even the single poem at the conclusion of which the forementioned rubric is found, to this Gilbert Pilkyngton, much less for making him the author of the miscellaneous contents of the volume.

The beginning of this MS. is wanting : the first article now is :—

No.

1. A Fragment of a Poem, which might not unaptly be stiled, The Manual of Parish Priests, containing directions for preaching, and other parts of the ministerial function.—*Quere*, whether not the work of John Merks, canon of Lillesbull, who translated into English verse the treatise of Pagutas,* entitled Pars Oculе Sacerodes. —*Vide Tanneri Bibl.* p. 436.
2. The A B C, or short moral rules under each letter of the Alphabet.
3. A tabull of diverse moneth in the Yere, if thonder be herd in theym, what it betokeneth, after her seyngs that ar holdyn wyse men of sich things.
4. Contra fures et latrones, oratio latina.
5. Passio Domini.

" Herkyne now if y' wille
" Off mycull pyle ye mowe lere
" Off I. H. S. that us alle wroght
" And syn he oure sowles bowgt."

At the end, " Explicit Passio domini nostri Jesu Christi 2di dominus Gilbert Pylkynton."

6. Memento Homo.

" When the hed waketh memento."

* John de Burgo.

No.

7. Against the seven deadly sins from the example of the contrary virtues in our Saviour.

8. A TALE OF A LADY.

"With garlande of thornes kene."

9. A TALE OF KING EDWARD AND THE SHEPHERD.

This is one of those popular tales, which represent our Kings conversing, either by accident or design, with the meanest of their subjects. It seems to be a different work from the very ancient poem entitled John the Reeve, mentioned in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, (vol. ii. p. 169, edit. 1767,) because the adventure here described passed between the King and a Shepherd, and because this poem appears to exceed the other in length, (what we have here consisting of about 900 lines,) and the rubric at the end, "Non finis sed punctus," shewing it to be imperfect. The language is, I think, as old as Edward IV.

10. THE NIGHTINGALES SONG.

"In a morning of May as I lay on slepyng
"To here a Song of a foule I had gret likyng
"I hard a nytyngale syng I likyd hir full welle
"She seid to me a wondrous thyng I shall tell the every delle."

No.

11. THE BASON, A TALE.

A ludicrous story of a Parson and his Brother, the latter of whom having an unthrifty and incontinent wife, the Parson contrives by a spell to expose her and her paramour to shame, and the tale ends with her repentance and amendment ; the incidents are highly laughable, and the whole is a good specimen of that humour which made it

Merry in the hall
When beards wagged all.

It has been printed incorrectly by Jamieson.

12. THE TURNAMENT OF TOTTENHAM.

This poem is printed in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, (vol. II. p. 13,) and the ingenious editor rightly observes, that Bedwell, who first published it in 1631, reduced the orthography to the standard of his own times. The first stanza in the MS. is as follows :

" Of all these kene conquerours to carpe is oure kynde
" Offe fel feghtyng folke ferly we fynde
" The Turnament of Tottenham have in I mynde
" Hit were harme sich hardynesse were holdyn behynde.
" In story as we rede
" off Hawkyn, of Harry
" off Tymkyn, of Tyrry
" of thaim that were dughty
" And hardy in dede."

No.

Bedwell, we are told, held this poem to have been written by one Gilbert Pilkington, thought to have been sometime parson of Tottenham, and authour of another poem entitled "Passio domini Jesu Christi." From these circumstances I apprehend that Bedwell published from this very MS. and that his authority for attributing either poem to Pilkington was no other than the rubric before noticed, which led the compiler of the former Catalogue to make him the author of the whole contents of the volume.

13. Prognostications of the following year, from the day of the week on which Christmas-day happens to fall.

14. A poem against Adultery, including a Tale of two Brothers.

> "Man for thy mischif thou the amende
> "And to my talkyng thou take gode hede
> "Fro VII dedly synnes thou the defende
> "The lest of alle is for to drede."

15. The Virgin's tale of her Son's Death.

> "Lystyn Lordyngs to my tale
> "And ze shall her of on story
> "Is better than ony wyne or ale
> "That ever was made in this cuntry
> "How Iewys demyd my son* to dy."

No.

16. The Lamentation of the Virgin.

> " Of alle women that ever borne
> " That berys children abide and se
> " How my son liggns me beforne
> " Upon me kne takyn fro tre."

17. A Poem to the Virgin.

> " Mary Moder wel thou be
> " Mary Mayden thynk on me
> " Maydyn and Moder was never non
> " To the Lady but thou allon."

18. Prophetick rules to know will happen according to the day of the week on which the year beginneth—

> " A man that will of wisdom lere."

19. Poems on the Festivals and Gospells, beginning with Saint Michael's day. Written in a different hand—

> " Saint Michael the archangel and his fellagh also
> " Er be twene God and us to schewe quat we shall do."

20. Principium Angliæ, or a Chronicle of England from Gogmagog to Edward II.

> " Herkenet hideward Lordinges
> " Ze that willen here of kynges."

No.

27. THE TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

" In somer serson when shawes be sheyn
  " And leaves be large and long
" Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
  " To here the foulys song."

The first stanza of the story of Robinhood and Guy of Gisborne, printed in the Reliques of Ancient Poetry, is evidently borrowed from this, but the tale in the MS. is different from the printed one. The MS. is here so damaged by the damp as to be nearly illegible, and would require much pains and trouble to decypher. From a cursory examination, it appears to me to contain the story of this celebrated robber and the Sheriff of Nottingham.

" Hit is a fourtnett aud more seyd Robyn
  " Syn I my Savior se
" To day will I to Notyngham."

He goes to church, where

" Be side hym stode a gret heded munke."

who incurs the malediction of the poet—

" I pray to God, woo he be
  " Ful sure he knew gode Robyn
" As sone as he hym se."

b

The gates of the town are shut, and Robin Hood imprisoned, but released by a stratagem of Little John. Very few of these poems have any titles in the MS. I have adopted such as seemed best to suit the contents of each, and I have inserted their several beginnings, that the curious in Ancient English Poetry may the easier identify them when met with in other MSS.

The Editor is indebted to David Laing, Esq. of Edinburgh, for the transcript of this beautiful fragment.

Transcribed from a folio MS. in Trinity College Library, written upon paper about the beginning of the 15th century, containing chiefly piece by Lydgate.

Transcribed from a paper book in folio, written late in the 15th century. Lettered Ff. 11. xxxviii. in the Public Library. The beginning of the MS. is wanting. Its contents are—

No.

1. The seven salmes.
2. A salutation of oure Lady.

" Heyle fareest that ever God fonde
" Heyle modyr and maden free
" Heyle floure of Josep wonde
" Heyle the fruyt of Jesse."

XII. THE COKWOLDS DAUNCE. Page 209.

The Editor has again the pleasure of thanking his friend David Laing, Esq. of Edinburgh, for his obliging transcript of this poem, from a manuscript in the Ashmolean Museum, written about the middle of the 15th century.

This ancient bourd may serve as a companion or counterpart to the well known poem of *The boy and the Mantle*, published by Bishop Percy in the Reliques of English Poetry, vol. 3, p. 1, in which the trial of the Horn is alluded to in the following lines:

"The litle boy had a horne," &c.

The allusion to the Drinking Horn in the *Morte d'Arthur* is supposed to have suggested to Ariosto the tale of the Enchanted Cup.

XIII. TO ALL FALSE FLATTERING FREEMEN OF CAMBRIDGE, &c. Page 222.

Transcribed from a manuscript upon paper in Archbishop Parker's collection in Corpus Christi College, Cambridge.

XIV. BILLA POSITA SUPER HOSTIUM MAJORIS. Page 225.

Transcribed from Cole's manuscripts in the British Museum.

XV. DOCTOUR DOUBBLE ALE. Page 227.

Transcribed from a black letter volume, supposed to be unique, without printer's name, place or date, in the Bodleian. From the style it appears to have been written by Skelton.



THE ROMANCE

OF

KING ATHELSTONE.

EX MSS.to 171. APUD COLL: CAII. CANT.

Lord that is off mygtys most
Ffadyr and sone and holy gost
    Bryng us out off synne
And lene us grace so for to wyrke
To loue both god and holy kyrke
    That may hevene wynne
Lystnes lordyngs that ben hende
Off ffalsnesse hou it wil ende
    A man that ledes hym therin.

Off ffoure weddyd brethryn I wole you tel
That wolde yn yngelond go dwel
    That sybbe wer nouzt off kynde

And alle four messangres they were
That wolde you yn yngelond lettrys bere
As it wes here yfynde
By a fforest gan they mete
With a cros stood in a strete
Be leff undyr a lynde.

And as the story telles me
Ylke man was of dyvers cuntre
In book iwreten we ffynde.
Ffor loue of here metyng thar
They swoor hem weddyd brethryn for every man
In trewthe trewely dede hem bynde.
The eldeste off hem ylkon
He was hyzt Athelston
The kyngs cosyn der

He was of the kyngs blood
Hys eemes sone i undyrstood
Therfore he neyzyd hym ner
And at the laste weel and fayr
The kyng hym dyyd wythouten ayr
Thenne was ther non hys pere.
But Athelston hys eemes sone
To make hym kynge woulde they nouzt schon
To corowne hym wyth gold so clere.

Now was he kynge semely to se
He sendes afftyr hys brethryn thre
And gaff hem her warysdom
The eldest brothir he made eerl of Doune
And thus the pore man gan come.
Lord off tour and toun.
That othir brothir he made eerl of Stane
Egelonde was hys name
A man of gret renoun.
And gaff hym tyl hys weddyd wyf
Hys owne sustyr dame Odyth
With gret deuocyoun.

The ferthe brother was a clerk
Mekyl he cowde off goddys werk
Hys name it was Alryke
Cauntyrbury was vacant
And fel in to that kynges hand
He gaff it hym that wyke
And made hym bysschop of that stede
That noble clerk on book cowde rede
In the world was non hym lyche.
Thus avaunsed he hys brothir thorwz all gras
And Athelston hym seluen was
A good kyng and a ryche.

And he that was eerl of Stane
Ser Egeland was his name
Was trewe as ze schal her.
Thorw the myzt off goddys gras
He gat vpon the countas
Twoo knave chyldren dere
That on was ffyfftene wyntyr old
That othir thryttene as men me told
In the world was non her pere
Also whyt so lylye fflour
Red as rose off her colour
As bryzt as blossme on brer.

Both the eerl and hys wyff
The kyng hem louede as hys lyff
And her sones twoo
And offten sythe he gan hem calle
Both to boure and to halle
To counsayle whenne they scholde goo
Theratt ser Wymound hadde gret envye
Th * * * eerl of doner wyn * * * *
In herte he was ful woo
He thouzte al for here sake
Ffalse lesyngs on hem to make
To don hem brenne and sloo.

And thanne ser Wymound hym bethouzte
Here loue thus endure may nouzte
 Thozwz wurd oure werk may sprynge.
He bad hys men maken hem zar
Vnto Londone wolde he far
 To speke with the kynge
Whenne that he to Londone come
He mete with the kynge ful sone
 He sayde welcome my dere kyng
The kynge hym frayned soone anon
Be what way he hadde igon
 With oute ony dwellyng.

Come thou ouzte be Countyrbery
There the clerke syngen mery
 How fayryth that noble clerk
That mekyl canon goddys west
 Knowest thou ouzt hys state
And come thou ouzt be the eerl of Stane
That wurthy lord in hys wane
 Wente thou oute that gate
How fares that noble knyzt
And hys sones fayr and bryzt
 My sustyr ziff that thou wate.

Ser thenne he sayde withoute les
Be Countyrbery my way i ches
Ther spak i with that dere
Ryzt weel he greetes thee that nobleslest
That mykyl can off goddys west
In the world is non hys pere
And also be Stane my way i drow
With Egeland i spak i now
And with the countesse so dere
They fare weel is nouzt to layne
And both her sones the kynge was frayne
And in his herte made glad chere.

Ser kyng he sayde ziff it be thi wille
To chaumbyr that thou sholdest wenden tylle
Counsayl for to here
I schall the telle a swete ydande
That comen nuer non swyche in this lande
Off all this hundryd zer
The kynges herte than was ful woo
With that traytour for to goo
They wente bothe fozth in sper
And whenne that they wer the chaymbyr wythynne
False lesyng he gan begynne
On hys weddyd brothyr der.

Ser kyng he sayde woo wer me
Ded that I scholde see the
So moot I haue my lyff
Ffor by hym that that al this worl wan
Thou hast makyd me a man
And i hope me ffor to thryff
Ffor in thy land sere is a fals traytour
He wol doo the mykyl dyshonour
And brynge the on lyve
He wole deposen the slyly
Sodaynly than schalst thou dy
Be crystys wondys ffyve.

Thennes sayde the kyng so moot thou thee
Knowe i that man and i hym see
His name thou me telle
Nay sayde that traytour that wole i nouzt
Ffor al the gold that ever was wrouzt
Be masse book and belle
But ziff thou me thy trowthe wil plyzt
That thou schalt never bewrong the knyzt
That the the tale schal telle
Thanne the kyng his hand up rauzte
That ffalse man his trowthe be tauzte
He was a deuyl off helle.

Ser kynge he sayde thou madyst me
And now thou hast thy trowthe me playzt
Our counsayl for-to layne
Sertaynly it is non othir
But Egeland thy weddyd brothir
He wolde that you wer slayne
He dos thy sustyr to undyrstande
He wole be kyng off thy lande
And thus he be gynnnes here trayne
He wole the poysoun ryzt slyly
Sodaynly thanne schalt thou dy
Be hym that suffryd the payne.

Thanne swoor the kyng be cros and rood
Mete ne drynk schal do me goode
Tyl that he be dede
Bothe he and hys wyff hys soones also two
Schole they never be no moo
In Yngelond on that stede
Nay says the traytour so moot i the
Ded wole i nouzt my brothir se
But do thy best rede
No lenger ther then wolde he lende
He takes hys leve to douer gan wende
God geve hym schame and dede.

Now is the traytour hom i went
A messangre was aftyr sent
To speke wyth the Kynge
I wene he bar his owne name
He was hoten Athelstane
He was foundelyng
The lettrys wer i maad fullyche thar
Vnto Stane for to ffar
Withouten ony dwellyng
To ffette the eerl and his sones twoo
And the countesse alsoo
Dame Edyve that swete thynge;

And in the lettre zit was it tolde
That the kyng the eerlys sones wolde
Make hem bothe knyzt
And therto his seel he sette
The messangre wolde nouzt lette
The way he rydes ful ryzt.
The messangre the noble man
Takes hys hors and forth he wan
And hyes a ful good spede
The eerle in hys halle he fande
He took hym the lettre in his hande

Anon he bad hym rede
Ser he sayde al so swythe
This lettre ouzte to make the blythe
* * thou take good hede.

The kyng wole for the cuntas sake
Bothe thy sones knyztes make
The blyther thou may be
Thy ffayr wyff wyth the thou bryng
And that be ryzt no levyng
That so that sche may see.
Thenne sayde that eerl wyth herte mylde
My wyff goth ryzt gret wyth chylde
And for thynkes me
Sche may nowzt out off chaumbyr wyn
To speke with non ende of her kyn
Tyl sche delyveryd be.

But in to chaumbyr they ganne wende
To rede the lettrys before they hende
And tydyng tolde her soone
Theene sayde the cuntasse so moot i the
I wil nowzt leve tyl i ther be
To morwen oz it be noone
To see hem knyzt my sones ffre
I wole nouzt lette tyl i ther be

I schal no lenger dwelle
Cryst for zelde my lord the kyng
That has grauntyd hem her dubbyng
Myn herte is gladyd welle.*

The eerl hys men bad make hem zar
He and hys wyff fforth gunne they far
To London ffaste they wente
At Westemynstyr was the kyngs wone
Ther they mette wyth Athelstone
That aftyr hem hadde sente
And fetryd faste verayment
Fful lowde the countasse gan to cry
And sayde goode brothyr mercy
Why wole ze us sloo
What have we a zens zow done
That ze wole haue vs ded so soone
Me thynkith ze am oure ffoo
The kyng as wood ferde in that stede
He garte hys * * * * * to pryson lede
In herte he was ful woo

Thenne a squyer was the countasses ffrende
To the qwene he gan wende
And tydyngs tolde her soone

Serlondes off chyryes off sche caste
Into the halle sche come at the laste
Long oz it was noone
Ser kyng I am before the come
Wyth a chyld douztyr oz a sone
Graunte me my bone
My brothir and sustyr that I may bozwe
Tyl the nexte day at mozwe
Out off her paynys stronge
That we mowe wete be common sente
In the playne playne parlement.

Dame he sayde goo fro me
Thy bone schal nowzt grauntyd be
I doo the to undyrstande
Ffor be hym that weres crowne of thorn
They schal be drawen and hangyed to morn
Ziff I be kyng off lande
And whenne the qwene these wordes herde
As sche hadde be beten with Zerde
The teeres sche leet down falle
Certynly as I zow tell
On her bare knees down sche felle
And prayde zit for hem alle
A dame he sayde verrayment
Hast thou broke my commandement

Abyyd ful dere you schalle
With hys ffoot he wolde nouzt wende
He slowz the chylde ryzt in her wombe
Sche swownyd amonges hem alle

Ladyys and maydennys that these were
The qwene to here chaumbyr bere
And there was dool i nowz
Soone wythinne a lytyl spase
A knave chyld iborn ther was
As bryzt as blosine on bowz
He was bothe whyt and red
Off that dynt was he ded
Hys owne fadyr hym slowz
Thus may a traytour *baret rayse*
And make manye men ful euele *avase*
Hym selff nowzt afftyr it towz.

But zit the qwene as ze schole here
Sche callyd vpon a messangre
Bad hym a lettre ffonge
And bad hym wende to Cauntyrbery
There the clerkys syngen mery
Bothe masse and euensonge
This lettre thou the bysscop take
And praye hym for goddys sake

Come borewe hem out off here bande
He wole doo more for hym I wene
Thanne for me thouz I be qwene
I doo the to vndyrstande.

An eerldom in Spayne I haue of land
Al I sese in to thyn hand
Trewely as I the hyzt
An hundryd besauntys off gold red
You may sare hem from the ded
Ziff that thyn hors be wyzt
Madame bronke weel thy more geve
Also longe as thou may leve
That to haue I no ryzt
But off thy gold and off thy ffee
Cryst in hevene ffor zelde it the
I wole be there to nyzt.

Madame thrytty myles off hard way
I haue reden sith it was day
Fful sore I gan me swynke
And for to ryde now ffyve and twenty threw
An hard thyng it were to doo
Ffor so the ryzt as me thynke
Madame it is ner hand passyd prime
And me behoves al for to dyne

Bothe wyne and ale to drynke
Whenne I haue dynyd thenne wole I fare
God may coure hem off here care
Oz that I slepe a wynke.

Whenne he hadde dynyd he wente his way
Al so faste as that he may
He rod be Charynge cros
And entryd into Fflete Strete
And seththyn thorwn London I zow hete
Vp on a noble hors.
The messangre that noble man
On Londone brygge sone he wan
Ffor his travayle he hadde no los
From Stone into Steppynge bourne
For sothe his way nolde he nowzt tourne
Ysraryd he nouzt for myre ne mos

And thus hys way wendes he
Ffro Osprynge to the Blee
Thenne myzt he see the toun
Off Cauntyrbery that noble wyke
Ther in lay that bysscop ryke
That lord of gret renoun
And whenne they runggen undern belle
He rod in Londone I zow telle

He was nouer redy
And zit to cauntyrbery he wan
Songe or euensonge began
He rod mylys ffyffty.

The messanger no thyng abod
Into the palays forth he rod
There that the bysscop was inne
Ryzt welcome was the messenger
That was come ffrom the qwene so cleer
Was off so noble kynne
He took hym a lettre ful good speed
And sayde sir bysschop haue this I reed
And bad hym come with hym
Or he the lettre hadde halff iredde
Ffor dool hym thouzte hys herte bledde
The teeres ffyl ouyr hys chyn.

The bysschop bad saddle hys palfray
Also ffaste as thay may
Bydde my men make hem zare
And wendes before the bysschop dede say
To my manres in the way
Ffor no thynge that ze spare
And loke at ylke ffyve mylys ende.
A ffresch hors that I ffynde

Schod and no thynge bare
Blythe schal I neuer be
Tyl I my weddyd brothyr see
To kenve hym out off care.

On nyne palfrays the bysschop sprong
Ar it was day from euensong
In romance as we rede
Certaynly as I zow telle
On Londone brygge ded doun felle
The messangres stede
Allas he sayde that I was born
Now is my goode hors forlorn
Was good at ylke a nede
Zistyrday vpon the grounde
He was wurth an hundryd pounde
Ony kyng to lede.

Thenne he spak the erchebysschop
Oure gostly fadyr vndyr God
Vnto the messangre
Lat be thy menyng off thy stede
And thynk vpon oure mykyl nede
The whylys that we ben here
Ffor ziff that I may my brothyr borwe
And bryngen hym out off mekyl sorwe

Thou may make glad chere
And thy warysoun yschal the geve
And God haue grauntyd the to leve
Unto an hundryd zere.

The bysschop thenne nouzt ne bod
He took hys hors and forth he rod
In to Westemynstyr so lyzt
The messangre on his ffoot alsoo
With the bysschop come no moo
Nether squyer ne knyzt
Upon the morwen the kyng aros
And takes the way to the kyrke he gos
As man of mekyl myzt
With him wente bothe preest and clerk
That mykyl cowde off goddys werk
To praye God for the ryzt.

Whenne that he to the kyrke come
To ffore the rode he knelyd a non
And on hys knees he felle
God that syt in trynyte
A bone that thow graunte me,
Lord as thou harewyd helle
Gyltles men ziff they be
That are in my presoun ffree

Ffor cursyd there to zelle
Off the gylt and they be clene
Lene it moor on hem be' sene
That garte hem there to dwelle.

And whenne he hadde maad hys pryer
He lokyd vp in to the qweer
The erchebysschop sawz he stande
He was for wondryd off that caas
And to hym he wente a pas
And took hym be the hande
Welcome he sayde thou erchebysschop
Oure gostly fadyr vndyr God
He swoor be god lenande
Weddyd brothyr weel moot thou spede
For I had neuyr so mekyl nede
Sith I took cros on hande.

Goode weddyd brothyr now the thy rede
Doo nouzt thyn owne blood to dede
But ziff it weer thy were
For hym that weres the corowne off thorn
Let me bozwe hem tyl to morn
That me mowe enquer
And weten alle be comonn asent
In the playne parlement

Who is wurthy be schent
And but ziff ze wole graunte my bone
It schall vs rewe both or none
Be God that alle thynge lent.

Thanne the kyng wax wroth as wynde
A wodere man myzte no man fynde
Than he began to bee
He swoor be othis sunne and mone
They scholde be drawen and hongyd or none
With eyen thou schalt see.
Lay doun thy cros and thy staff
Thy mytyr and thy ryng that I to the gaff
Out of my lande thou fflee.
Hyze the faste out off my syzt
Wher I the mete thy deth is dyzt
Non othir then schall it bee.

Thenne be spak that erchebysschop
Oure gostly fadyr vndyr God
Smertly to the kyng
Weel I wot that thou me gaff
Bothe the cros and the staff
The mytyr and eke the ryng
My bysschoprycke thou renest me
And crystendom forbede I thee

Prest schal ther non syngge
Nethyr maydyn chyld ne knave
Crystendom schal ther non have
To care I schal thee brynge.

I schal gare crye thorwz ylke a toun
That kyrkes schole be broken doun
And stoken agayn with thorn
And thou schalt lygge in an old dyke
As it wer an heretyke
Allas that thou were born.
Ziff thou be ded that I may see
Asoylyd schalt thou neuer bee
Thanne is thy soule in sorwe
And I schal wende in uncouthz
And gete me stronge men of hond
My brothir zit schal I borwe
I schal brynge vpon thy lond
Hungyr and thyrst ful strong
Cold drouzthe and sorwe
I schal nouzt leue on thy lond
Wurth the gloues on thy hond
To begge ne to borwe

The bysschop has his leve tan
By that his men were comen ylkan

They sayden sere haue good day.
He entryd into Flete strete
With lordys of Ynglond gan he mete
Vp on a nobyl iay
On here knees they knelede a doun
And prayden hym off his benyson
He nykkyd hem with nay
Neythyr off cros neythyr offryng
Hadde they non kyns wetyng.
And thanne a knyzt gan say.

A knyzt thanne spak wyth mylde voys
Sere where is thy rynge, wher is thy croys ?
Is it ffro the tan ?
Thanne he sayde zoure cursyd kyng
Hath me refft off al my ryng
And off al my worldly wan
And I haue entyrdytyd Yngelond
Ther schal no preest synge masse with hond
Chylde schal be crystenyd non
But ziff he graunte me that knizt
His wyff and chyldryn fayr and bryzt
He wolde wyth wrong hem slon.

The knyzt sayde bysschop the agayn
Off thy body we are ful fayn

Thy brothir zit schole we borwe
And but he graunte vs oure bone
Hys presoun schal be broken soone
Hymselff to mekyl sorwe
We schole drawe doun both halle and boures
Bothe hys castelles and hys toures
They schole lygge lowe and holewe
Thouz he be kynge and were the corown
We scholen hym settee in a deep dunjoun
Oure crystendom we wole folowe

Thanne as they spoken off this thynge
There comen twoo knyzt ffrom the kyng
And sayden bysschop abyde
And haue thy cros and thy ryng
And welcome whyl that thou wylt lyng
It is nouzt for to hyde
Here he grauntys the the knyzt
Hys wyff and chyldren fayr and bryzt
Agayn I rede thou ryde
He prayes the per charytye
That he myzte asoylyd be
And yngelond long and wyde

Here off the bysschop was fful ffayn
And turnyd hys brydyl and wendes agayn

Barouns gunne with hym ryde
Vnto the brokene cros offs ston
Thedyr com the kyng ful soone a non
And there he gan a byde
Up on hys knees he knelyd a doun
And prayde the bysschop off benysoun
And he gaff hym that tyde
With holy watyr and orysoun
He asoylyd the kyng that weryd the coroun
And yngelond long and wide.

Thenne sayde the kyng a non ryzt
Here I graunte the that knyzt
And his sones ffree
And my sustyr hende in halle
Thou hast savyd here lyvys alle
Iblessyd most thou bee
Thenne sayde the bysschop also soone
And I schal geven swylke a dome
With eyen that thou schalt see
Ziff thay be gylty off that dede
Sonere the doome thay may drede
Than schewe here schame to me.

Whanne the bysschop hadde sayd soo
A gret ffyr was madd ryzt thoo
In romans as we rede

It was sett that men myzte knawe
Nyne plowz lengthe on rawe
As red as any glede.
Thanne sayde the kyng what may this mene
Sere off gylt and thay be clene
This doom hem thar nouzt drede.
Thanne sayde the good kyng Athelston
An hard doome now is this on
God graunte vs alle weel to spede.

They fetten forth sere Egelan
A trewer eerl was ther nan
Before the ffyr so bryzt
Ffrom hym they token the rede scarlet
Bothe hosyn and schoon that weren hym met
That fel al ffor a knyzt.
Nyne sythe the bysschop halewid the way
That his weddyd brothir scholde goo that day
To praye God for the ryzt.
He was vnblemeschyd ffoot and hand
That sawz the lordes off the land
And thankyd God off hys myzt.
They offeryd hym wyth mylde chere
Vnto seynt Powlys heyze awtere
That myekyl was off myzt
Doun vpon hys knees he felle
And thankyd God that harewede helle
And hys modyr so bryzt

And zit the bysschop the gan say.
Now schal the chyldryn gon the way
That the fadyr zede.
Ffro hym they tooke the rede scarlette
The hosen and schoon that weren hem mete
And all her worldly wede
The ffyr was bothe hydous and red
The chyldren swownyd as they were ded
The bysschop tyl hem zede
With careful herte on hem gan look
Be hys hand he hem vp took
Chyldryn haue ze no drede.

Thanne the chyldryn stood and lowz
Sere the fyr is cold i nowz
Thorwz out he went a pase
They weren vnblemeschyd foot and hand
That sawz the lordys off the land
And thankyd God off his grace.
They offeryd be wyth mylde chere
To seynt Powlys that hyze awtere
This myracle schewyd was there
And zit the bysschop efft gan say
Now schal the countasse goo the way
There that the chyldryn were.

They fetten forth the lady mylde
Sche was ful gret igon wyth chylde
In romance as we rede.
Before the fyr when that she come
To Jhu Cryst she prayde a bone
That leet his woundys blede.
Now God lat neuer the kyngys foo
Quyk out off the ffyr goo
Thoff hadde sche no drede.
Whenne sche had maad her prayer
Sche was brouzt before the ffeer
That brennyd bothe fayr and lyzt
Sche wente ffro the lengthe into the thrydde
Stylle sche stood the ffyr amydde
And callyd it merye and bryzt
Harde schonrys thenne took here stronge
Both in bak and eke in wombe
And sith then it ffel at syzt.

Whenne that here paynys slakyd was
And sche hadde passyd that hydous pas
Here nose barst on bloode
Sche was vnblemeschyd ffoot and hand
That sawz the lordys off the lande
And thankyd God on rode.

They commandyd men here away to draw
As it was the landys lawe
And ladyys thanne tyl here rode
Sche knelyd doun vpon the ground
And there was born seynt Edemound
Iblessyd be that ffood

And whanne this chylde iborn was
It was brouzt in to the plas
And was bothe hool and sound
Bothe the kyng and bysschop ffree
They crystynd the chyld that men myzt see
And callyd it Edemound
Half my land he sayde I the geve
Also longe as I may leve
With markys and with pounde
And al afftyr my dede
Yngelond to wysse and rede
Now iblessyd be that stounde.

Thenne sayde the bysschop to the kyng
Sere who made this grete lesyng
And who wrouzt al this bale
Thanne sayde the kynge so moot I the
That schalt thou neuer wete for me

In burgh neythyr in sale
For I have sworn be seynte Anne
That I schal neuer bewreye that manne
That me gan telle that tale
They arn savyd thorwz thy red
Now lat al this be ded
And kepe this counseyl hale.

Thenne swooz the bysschop so moot I the
Now I have power and dignyte
Ffor to asoyle the as clene
As thou were houen off the ffount ston
Trustly trowe thou that vpon
And holde it for no wene
I swere bothe be book and belle
But zif thou me his name telle
The ryzt doome schal I deme
Thy selff schalt goo the ryzte way
That thy brothir wente to day
Thouz it the euele be seme

Thenne sayde the kynge so moot I the
Be schrysste off mouthe telle I it thee
Therto I am vnblyve
Certaynly it is non othir
But Wymound oure weddyd brothir

He wole neuer thryve
Allas sayde the bysschop than
I wende he were the treweste man
That euer zit levyd on lyve
And he with this ateynt may bee
He schal be hongyd on trees three
And drawen with hors ffyve.

And whanne that the bysschop the sothe bade
That the traytour that lesyng made
He callyd a messangre
And hym to Dover that he scholde founde
Ffor to fette that Eerl Wymound
That traytour has no pere.
Sere Egelane and hys sones be slawe
Bothe i hangyd and to drawe
Doo as I the lere
The countasse is in presoun done
Sche schal neuer out off presoun come
But ziff it be on bere.

Now with the messanger was no badde
He took his hors as the bysschop radde
To Douer tyl that he come
The eerl in hys halle he ffand
He took hym the lettre in his hand

On hyz wolde he nouzt wone
Sere Egelane and his sones be slawe
Bothe i hangyd and to drawe
Thou getyst that eerldome
The countasse is in presoun done
Schal sche neuer more out come
Ne see neythyr sunne ne mone.

Thenne that eerl made hym glade
And thankyd God that lesynge was made
It hath gete me this eerldome
He sayde ffelawe ryzt weel thou bee
Have here besauntys good plente
Ffor thyn hedyr come
Thanne the messanger made his mon
Sere off zoure goode hors lende me on
And graunte me my bone
Ffor zystyrday deyde my nobyl stede
On zoure arende as I zede
Be the way as I come.

Myn hors be fatte and corn fed
And off thy lyff I am a dred
That eerl sayde to hym than
Thanne ziff myn hors scholde the sloo
My lorde the kyng wolde be ful woo

To lese swylk a man.
The messanger zit he brouzte a stede
On off the beste at ylke a nede
That euer on grounde dede gange
Sadelyd and brydelyd at the beste
The messanger was ful preste
Wyztly on hym he sprange
Sere he sayde haue good day
Thou schalt come whan thou may
I schal make the kynge at hande
Wyth sporys faste he strook the stede
To Grauys ende he come good spede
Is ffourty myle to ffande

There the messanger the traytour abood
And sethyn bothe in same they rod
To Westemynstyr wone
In the palays there thay lyzt
In to the halle they come ful ryzt
And mette with Athelstone
He wolde haue kyssd hys lord swete
He sayde traytour nouzt zit lete
Be God and be seynt Ihon
Ffor thy falsnesse and thy lesyng
I slowz myn heyr scholde haue ben kyng
When my lyf hadde ben gon.

There he denyyd faste the kyng
That he made never that lesyng
Among hys peres alle.
The bysschop has hym be the hand tan
Fforth in same they are gan
Into the wyde halle
Myzte he neuer wyth crafft ne gynne
Care hym schryven off hys synne
Ffor nouzt that myzt be falle

Thenne sayde the goode kyng Athelston
Lat hym to the ffyr gon
To prove the trewethe in dede
Whanne the kynge hadde sayd soo
A gret ffyr was maad thoo
In romance as we rede
It was set that men myeton khawe
Nyne plowz lenge on rawe
As red as any glede
Nyne sythis the bysschop halewes the way
That that traytour schole goo that day
The wers hym gan to spede
He wente ffro the lengthe into the thrydde
And doun he ffel the ffyr amydde
Hys eyen wolde hym nouzt lede

Than the eerlys chyldrn were warful smerte
And wyztly to the traytour sterte
And out off the ffyr hym hade
And swore bothe by book and belle
Or that thou deye thou shalt telle
Why thou that lesynge made
Certayn I can non othir red
Now I wot I am but ded
I telle zow no thynge gladde.
Certayn ther was non othir wyte
He louyd hym to mekyl and me to lyte
Perffore envye I hadde

Whanne that traytour so hadde sayde
Ffyre goode hors to hym were tayde
That alle men myzten see with yze
They drowen hym thorwz ylke astrete
And seththyn to the elmes I zow hete
And hongyd hym ful hyze
Was that neuer man so hardy
That durste ffelle hys ffalse body
This hadde he ffor hys lye
Now Ihu that is heuene kyng
Leue neuer traytours haue better endyng
But swych dome ffor to dye.

Explicit.

A

TALE OF KING EDWARD

AND THE SHEPHERD.

EX. MS.to FF. 5. 48. APUD BIBLIOTH. UNIV: CANT.

GOD that sittis in trinite
Gyffe theym grace wel to the
    That lystyns me a whyle,
Alle that louys of melody
Offe heuen blisse god graunte tham perty
    Theyre soules shelde fro peryle.
At festis and at mangery
To tell of kyngs that is worthy
    Talis that byn not vyle.
And ze wil listyn how hit ferd
Betwene kyng Edward and a sheperd
    Ze shalle lawgh of gyle.

Oure kynge went hym in atyde
To pley hym be a ryver side
In a mornyng of may,
Knyzt ne squyer wold he non,
But hym self and a grome
To wende on that jorney.
With a shepherde con he mete
And gret hym with wordis swete
Without any delay,
The shepherde loùyd his hatte so well
He did hit of never a dele
But seid " sir gudday?"

The kyng to the herde seid than
" Off whens art thou gode man?"
Also mot I the
" In wynsour was I borne
" Hit is a myle but here beforne
" The town then maist thou see,
" I am so pyled with the kyng
" That I most fle fro my wonyng
" And therefore woo is me
" I hade catell now haue I non
" Thay take my bestis and don thai slone
" And payon but a stick of tre."

The kyng seid " hit is gret synne
" That thei of sich werks wil not blynne
" And Edward wot hit nozt
" But come to morne when it is day
" Thou shalbe seruyd of thy pay
" Ther of haue thou no thozt,
" Ffor in your towne born I was
" I haue dwellid in diuerse place
" Sithe I thens was broght,
" In the courte I haue sich a frende
" The treserer or then I wende
" Ffor thy luffe shall be soght.

This gret lord the herd con frayne
" What wil men of your kyng seyne
" Wel liltull gode I trowe,"
The herd onsweryd hym rizt nozt
But on his shepe was all his thozt
And seid agayn " charhow."
Then loogh oure kyng and smyled stille
" Thou onsweris me not at my will
" I wolde thei were on a lowe
" I aske the tythyngs of our kyng
" Off his men and his wyrkyng
" Ffor sum I haue sorow.

" I am a marchant and ride aboute
" And fele sithis I am in doute,
" Ffor myn owne ware
" I tell it the in prevete
" The kyngs men oen to me
" A M pounde and mare,
" * * * * * he ouzt mycull in the cuntre
" What siluer shall he pay the
" Ffor goddis haly are
" Sith thou art noght
" I wil my nedis do and thyne
" Thar of haue thou no care.

" Sir," he seid " be seynt Edmonde
" Ther is owand MI pounde.
" And odd twa schillyng
" A stikke I haue to my witnesse
" Off hasill I meue that hit is
" I ne haue no nother thyng
" And gif thou do as thou has me hote
" Then shall I gif the a cote
" Wittwo any lesyng.
" Seuon schelyng to morne at day
" Whan I am siruyd of my pay."
" Graunte" seid oure kyng.

" Tel me sir what is thy name?
" That I for the haue no blame
" And wher thy wonnyng is"
" Sir" he seid "as mot I the
" Adam the schepherde men callen me
" Ffor certein soth I wysse."
The schepherde seid " whoos son art thou of our towne?"
" Hat not thy fadur Hochon?"
" Also haue thou blisse."
" No for god;" seid oure kyng
" I wene thou knovist me no thyng
" Thou redis alle amysse."

" My fadur was a walsshe knyzt,
" Dame Isabell my modur hyzt,
" Ffor sothe as I tell the,
" In the castell was hir dwellyng
" Thorow commanndment of the kyng
" Whene she thar shuld be.
" Now wayte thou wher that I was borne
" The tother edward here beforne
" Fful well he louyd me.
" Sertanly with owte lye,
" Sum tyme I lyve be marchandye
" And passe well ofte the see.

" I haue a son is with the quene
" She louys hym well as I wene,
" That dar I sauely say.
" And he pray hir of a bone
" Zif that hit be for to done
" She will not onys say nay.
" And in the courte I haue sich a frende
" I shall be seruyd or I wende
" With out any delay
" To morne at undern speke with me,
" Thou shall be seruyd of thy mone
" Er than hye mydday."

" Sir for seynt thomas of ynde
" In what place shall I the fynde?
" And what shall I the calle ?
" My name" he seid " is Joly Robyn.
" Ilke man knowes hit well and fyne
" Bothe in bowrs and halle,
" Pray the porter as he is fre
" That he let the speke with me
" Soo faire hym mot be falle,
" Ffor fer owtward shall I not be
" Enquer I trow thou shall me see
" With in the castell wall.

" Ffor thou and other that leue your thyng
" Wel ofte sithes ye banne the kyng
" And ze ar not to blame.
" Hit er other that do that dede
" Thei were worthy so god me spede,
" Ther for to haue great shame.
" And if I wist whilke thei were
" Hit shulde come the kyng to ere
" Be god and be seynt Iame
" Then durst I swere thei shuld abye
" That dose oure kynge that vilayne
" Ffor he berys all the same."

The herd onswerd to the kyng
" Sir be seynt Iame of the tithyng
" Thou seist ther of right well
" Thei do but gode the kyngs men
" Thei ar worse then sich ten
" That bene with hym no dell
" Thei goo aboute be viii or nyne
"And done the husbonds mycull pyne
" That carfull is their mele.
" Thei take geese capons and henne
" And alle that euer thei may with renne
" And reves vs our catell.

" Sum of them was bonde sore
" And afturwarde honget therfore
" Ffor soth as I yow say,
" Zet ar ther of them nyne moo
" Ffor at my hows ther were also
" Certis zisturday
" Thei toke my hennes and my geese
" And my schepe with all the fleese
" And ladde them forth away.
" Be my doztur thei lay alnyzt
" To come agayne thei haue me hyzt
" Of helpe I wolde yow pray.

" With me thei lefte alle their thyng
" That I am sicur of theire comyng
" And that me rewes sore
" I haue fayre chamburs thre.
" But non of them may be with me
" While that thei be thore
" Into my cart hows thei me dryfe
" Out at the dur thei put my wyfe
" Ffor she is olde gray hare
" Had I helpe of sum lordyng
" I shulde make with them recknyng
" Thei shulde do so no more.

" Ffor othur iii felowes and I
" We durst wel take party
" These nyne for to mete,
" I have slyngus smert and gode
" To mete with them zif thei wer wode,
" And reve hem her lyves swete.
" The best archer of ilkon
" I durst mete hym with a stone
" And gif hym leve to schete.
" Ther is no bow that shall laste
" To draw to my slyngs caste
" Nought be feel fete.

" Ther is non archer in this lande
" And I have my slyng in hande
" Ffor I dar lay with hym ale
" That who so sonyst hitts abanke
" Ffor to haue the tothur hant
" To what thyng he will hale
" That who so furst smyts a thyng
" Off his bow or my slyng
" Vndur stande my tale
" Be the deth that I shall dye
" That to my hed then dar I ley
" Now sone in this swale.

With talis he made the kyng to dwell,
With mony moo then I can tell,
Till hit was halfe gan prime,
His hatte was bonde vnder his chyn
He did hit nothyng of to hym
"He thozt hit was no tyme,
"Robyn," he seid, "I pray the
"Hit is thy will come hom with me
"A morsell for to dyne *
"The kyng list of his bourds lere."
"Gladly," he seid, "my lefe fere
"I will be on of thyne."

As thei homeward con gon
The kyng saw conyngs mony on,
Ther at he can smyle,
"Adam," he said, "take up a ston,
"And put hit in thy styng anon,
"Abyde we here awhile,
"Gret bourde it wold be
"Off them to slee twoo or thre
"I swere this be seynt gyle."
"No way," quod Adam, "let be that
"Be god I wolde not for my hat
"Be taken with sich a gyle.

" Hit is alle the kynges waren
" Ther is nouther knyzt ne sqwayne
  " That dar do sich a dede.
" Any conyng here to sla
" And with the trespas away to ga
  " But his sides shulde blede
" The warner is hardy and fell
" Sertainly as I the tell
  " He will take no mede.
" Who so dose here sich maistrye
" Be thou wel sicur he shall abye
  " And vn to preson lede.

" Ther is no wilde foule that will flyne
" But I am sicur him to hittyne
  " Sich mete I dar the hote,
" Zif it be so my slyng will last,
" Zif I fayle of him acaste
  " Brok thou well my cote.
" When we come and sitten in same
" I shall tech the a game
  " I canhit wel berote.
" Then shal thou se my slyng slaght
" And of the best take vs a draght
  " And drynk well right be note."

The scheperd hows ful mery stode
Vndur a forest fayre and gode,
Off hert and hynde gret mynde.
The kyng seid, " be god almyght
" In thy hert thou may be lizt
" Homwarde when thou shall wende
" I the swere be goddis grace,
" And I had here sich a place,
" I shoulde haue of that kynde.
" Outher an evon ar on morning
" Sum of them shuld come to ryng
" Ther with to make me afrende."

The herd bade, " let sech wordis be
" Sum man myzt here the
" The were bettur be still—
" Wode has erys felde has sizt,
" Were the forstur here now right
" They wordis shuld like the ille.
" He has with hym zong men thre
" Thei be archers of this contre
" The kyng to serue at wille.
" To kepe the dere both day and nyzt
" And for theire luf a loge is dizt,
" Ffull hye vpon an hill.

" I wolde haue here no stondyng
" But ride now forth in my blessyng,
" And make vs wel at ese,
" I am glad thou come with me
" Goo sit now wher thy willes be
" Right at thine owne ese.
" Though sum det of my gode belorne
" I shall haue more and god beforne
" He may hit increse
" And I shall tech the play
" When tyme comys thou shalt asay
" Whille play be not lese.

A feyre cloth on the borde he leyd
Into the boure he made abrayde,
Gode mete for to fette,
Brede of whete *bultid* small
ii penny ale he brouzt with all
" Ther of wolde he not lett,
Asse *saund* bred and that with a crane
Othur fowles were there gode ane
Before the kyng he sette.
" Adam," seid the kyng, " blessed thou be
" Here is bettur then thou hertist
" To day when that we mette."

" Sir," he seid, " do now gladly,
" Zet haue I mete that were worthy
" A gret lord for to fech."
He brozt a heron with a poplere
Curlews bocurs both in fere,
The mandlart and hurmech,
And a wylde swan was bake
" Sich fowle con my slyng take,
" Ther off am I no wreck.
" I bade felowes to my dynere
" And sithen thei wil not cum here
" A deuell haue who that rech.

" Zif thou wilt ete thou shalt non wave;
" But gif thou will any drynk have
" Thou most con thy play;
" When thou seest the cuppe anon,
" But thou sei passelodion
" Thou drynks not this day.
" Sely adam shall sitt the hende
" And answer with berafrynde
" Lene vpon my ley."
The kyng seid that he wold lere,
" Me think it bourde for to here
" Teche me I the pray."

" Passilodyon that is this,
" Who so drynks furst I wys
" Wesseyle the mare dele.
" Berafrynde also I wene
" Hit is to make the cup clene
" And fylle hit efte full wele.
" Thus shal the game go aboute,
" And who so falys of the route,
" I swere be seynt michell,
" Let hym drynk wher he will
" He gets non here this is my skill,
" Mozt to a nother sele."

The kyng seid " let so that drynke
" I shall say rizt that I thynke
" Me thirstis swyth sore."
The scheperde bade the eur fill
The kyng to drynk hade gode will
With passilodion more,
" I can rizt wel my lore."
" Berafrynde," I yseid Adam,
" I wysse thou art a wytty man
" Thou shalt wel drynke therfore."

Thus thei sate with oute strife,
The kyng with adam and his wyfe,
And made hym mery and glade,
The scheperde bade the cuppe fill;
The kyng to drynke hade gode will,
His wife did as he bade.
When the cuppe was come anon,
The kyng seid, "passylodion."
When he the cuppe hade;
Hit was a game of gret solas,
Hit comford all that euer ther was
Ther of thai were noght sade.

The scheperde ete till that he swatte,
And than non erst he drew his hatt
Into the benke ende,
And when he feld the drynk was gode,
He wynkid and strokyd vp his hode
And seid, "Berafrynde."
He was qwyte as any swan,
He was a wel begeton man,
And comyn of holy kynde,
He wolde not ete his cromys drye
He louyd nothynge but it were trie,
Nether fer ne hende.

Then seid the kyng in his reson,
" Who so were in a gode town
" This would ha costed dere,
" In this maner to be fed
" With alkyn deinteth wol be sted
" As we haue had now here
" I shalle the whyle be hode myne
" How hade I leuer a cony
" In my manere.
" But zif hit were of buk or doo
" Ther is no mete I louy*d soo,
" And I come there hit were."

The scheparde seid " so mot thou the
" Con thou heyle a privete
" And thou shalt se gode game
" Ze," seid the kyng, " be my lerte;"
" And ellis haue I mycul mangre
" Zif hit be for my frame,
" What man that wrye a gode frende
" Thouz he were rizt sibbe of my kynde
" He were worthy gret shame."
Then seid adam, " thou seis soth
" Zet I haue a morsel for thy toth
" And ellis I were to blame."

He went and fett conyngs thre,
Alle baken well in apasty
With wel gode spicerye,
And othur baken mete alsoo
Bothe of hert and of roo
The venyson was full trye.
" Sir," he seid, " asay of this
" Thei were zisturday qwyk I wysse
" Certan with outen lye
" Hidur thei come be mone lizt
" Eete ther of well aplizt
" And schewe no curtasye."

To the scheperde seid the kyng
" The forsters luf this our althyng
" Thou art alle thaire felowe
" To thaire perfett thou con foulis slyng
" And thei will venyson to the bryng
" Ther of stande thei non awe.
" Were thou as perfette in abowe
" Thou shulde haue moo dere strowe
" Soth to say in sawe.
" Zet I zede that thou fande
" Than any forstur in this land
" An arow for to drawe."

Then seid the scheperde, " no thyng soo
" I con a game worth thei twoo,
" To wynne me a bridde
" Ther is no hert ne bucke so wode
" That I ne get with out blode
" And I of hym haue nede.
" I haue a slyng for the nones
" That is made for gret stonys
" Ther with I con me fede,
" What dere I take vndur the side,
" Be thou siker he shall abide
" Til I hym home will lede.

" Conyngis with my nouther slyng
" I con slee and hame bryng,
" Sum tyme twoo or thre;
" I ete tham not my self alon
" I send persandes mony on
" And sury fryndes make I me
" Til gentlemen and zomanry
" Thei haue tham all thei ar worthy
" Those that are prive.
" What so thei haue it may be myne
" Corne and brede ale and wyne
" And alle that may like me.

" Do now gladly joly Robyne
" Zet shall thou drynk a drauzt fyne
" Off gode drynk as I wene,
" Off lanycoll thou shall prove
" That is a cuppe to my be behove
" Off maser it is ful clene.
" Hit holdis a gode thryden dele;
" Fful of wyne euery mele
" Be fore me it is sene.
" Ffil the cuppe," he seid, anon,
" And play we passilodion
" Sith no moo that we bene."

When the drynk was filled,
The wife askid, " who shuld be gynne,
The godeman sir or ze,
" Take my geyst," seid Adam than,
" Sith he his game con
" I wil that it so be."
The kyng toke the cuppe anon
And seid, " passilodion."
Hym thozt it was gode gle,
The sheperde seid " certanly
" Berafrynd shall be redy,
" Also mot I the."

He drank and made the cuppe ful clene,
And sith he spake wordis kene,
That game was to here,
" This cuppe hit hat lanycoll
" I luf hit wel for it is holl
" It is me lefe and dere,
" Ffil it ofte to Joly Robyn,
" I wysse he drank no bettur wyne,
" Off alle this seuen zere,
" To alle that wil my game play
" Ffill it be this ee I the pray
" My bourdis that wil lere."

Then dranke oure kyng and toke his leve,
The sheperd seid, " sir not the greue
" And it thy wille be,
" I shalle the schew joly Robyn
" A litull chaumbur that is myne
" That was made for me."
The kyng therof was ful glad,
And did as the scheperde bad,
Moo bourdis wold he se
He lad hym in to a prive place,
Ther venyson plente in was,
And the wyne so clare.

Vndur the erth it was dizt
Fferre it was and clene of syzt,
And clergially was hit wrozt.
The kyng seid, " here is feyre ese
" A man myzt be here wel at ese
" With game zif he were souzt,"
The kyng seid, " gramercy and haue goday.
The scheperde onswerid, and said, " nay
" Zet me gose thou nought,
" Thou shalle preue furst of a costrell tre
" That gode frendis send to me
" The best that myght be bouzt.

" Telle me now whylke is the best wyne,
" Off lonycoll cuppe myne
" Als thou art gode and kynde.
" Play onys passilodion
" And I shall answer sone anon
" Certes berafrynde.
" This chambur hat Hakderne my page
" He kepis my thyng and taks no wage
" In worde wher that I wende,
" Ther is no man this place con wrye,
" But thy self zif wilt say,
" And than art thou vnkynde.

" Ther is no man of this countre
" So mycull knowes of my priuete
" As thou dost Joly Robyn;
" Whil that I liff welcn to me
" Wyne and ale I dar hete the
" And gode flesshe for to dyne."
The kynge his stede he can stride,
And toke his leue for to ride,
Hym thozt it was hys tyme,
The scheperde seid, " I will with thee goo
" I dar the hete a foule or twoo
" Perauntur with a conyne."

The kyng rode softely on his way
Adam folowyd and wayted his pray
Conyngus saw he thre,
" Joly Robyn chese thou which thou wytt,
" Hym that rennys er hym that sitt
" And I shall gif him the.
" He that sitts and and wil not lepe
" Hit is the best of alle the hepe
" Fforsoth so thynkith me."
The scheperde hit hym with a stone
And breke in two his brest bone
Thus sone ded was he.

The kynge seid, " thou art to slow,
" Take hym als that rennyth now
" And thou con thou thy crafte,"
" Be god," seid Adam, " here is a stone
" It shall be his bane anon
" Thus sone his life was rafte
" What fowle that sitts or flye
" Whethur it were ferre or nye,
" Sone with hym it laste,
" Sir," he seid, " for soth I trowe
" This is behette any bowe
" Ffor alle the Fedurt schafte."

" Joly Robyn brok wel my pray
" That I haue wone here to day
" I vouchsafe wels more,
" I pray the telle it to no man
" In no maner that I hit wan
" I myzt haue blame therfore.
" And gif thou do my errand of rizt
" Thou shalle haue that I the hyzt
" I swere be goddis ore."
The kyng seid, " take me thy tayle
" Ffor my hors I wolde not the fayle
" A peny that thou lore."

The kyng to court went anon,
And Adam to his shepe con gon,
His doggs lay ther full stille,
Home er nyzt come he nozt
New mete with hym he brozt
Ffor defaute wolde he not spill.
" Wife," he seid, " be not sory
" I wil to courte certanly,
" I shalle haue alle my wille,
" Joly Robyn that dynet with me
" Hase behette me my mone
" As he conlawe and skill.

" He is a marchande of gret powere
" Many man is his trespere
" Men owe hym mony a pounde ;
" The best frend he had sith he was borne
" Was the tothur Edwart here beforne
" Whil he was holl and sounde.
" He hase a son is with the qwene
" He may do more then othur fyftene
" He swerys be seynt edmounde.
" Thouz he shuld gif of his catell
" I shalle haue myne euery dell
" Off penys holl and rounde."

On morow when he shuld to court goo
In russet clothyng he tyret hym tho,
In kyrtil and in surstbye,
And a blak furred hode
That wel fast to his cheke stode,
The typet myght not wrye.
The mytans clutt for gate he nozt
The slyng euen ys not out of his thozt
Wherwith he wrouzt maystre.
Toward the court he can goo
His douztur lemman met he thoo
And alle his cumpanye.

He thozt more then he seyde,
Towarde the court he gaf abrayde,
And zede a well gode pas,
And when he to the zatis come
He askid the porter and his man
Wher Joly Robyn was.
He was warned what he shuld sayn
Off his comyng he was fayne,
" I swere be goddis grace
" Sir I shall tel the where he is
" And than be thaire gamen I wis
" When he come forth in place."

The kyng seid to erles tweyne,
" Ze shall haue gode bourd in certayne,
" If that ze will be stille
" Off a scheperde that I see
" That is hidur come to me
" Ffor to speke his wille.
" I pray you alle and warne betyme
" That ze me calle Joly Robyne
" And ze shalle lawz your fille
" He wenys a marchande that I be
" Men owe hym siluer here for fe
" I shalle hym helpe ther tille.

" But a wager I dar lay,
" And ze will as I yow say,
" A tune of wyne I wysse,
" Ther is no lorde that is so gode
" Thouz he avayle to hym his hode
" That he wil do of his.
" Sir Raufe of Staffordc I pray the
" Goo wete what his will bc
" And telle me how hit is
" Whilke bourdis I wolde fulfayn se
" Gladly lord so mot I the
" Off thyngus that fallis amysse."

And when he to the herde came,
He seid, " alhayle gode man
" Whidur wil thow goo ?"
He onsweryd as he thouzt gode,
But he did not of his hode
To hym neuer the moo.
" Joly Robyn that I yondur see
" Bid hym speke aworde with me
" Ffor he is not my foo."
Then onswerid the erle bolde
" Take the porters staffe to holde
" And the mytens also."

" Nay felow," he seid, " so mot I the
" My staffe no shal not goo fro me
" I wil hit kepe in my hande
" No my mytens gets no man,
" Whil that I tham kepe can
" Be goddis sone alweldande.
" Joly Robyn that I yondur see
" Goo bidde hym speke a worde with me
" I pray the for goddis sande.
" I wolde wete how hit is
" I am aferd my schepe go mysse
" On othur mennys lande."

And when he to the kyng came,
Then seid the kyng, " welcom adam
" As to my powere."
" Joly Robyn," he seid, " wel mot thou be
" Be god so shuld thou to me
" On othur stede than here.
" I am commyn thou wot wherfore
" And trauayle shal not be for lore
" Thou knowis wel my manere."
" Ffor god," seid the kyng tho,
" Thou shalbe sauyd er thou goo
" Ffor thy make glad chere."

" Joly Robyn," he said, " I pray the
" Speke with me aworde in priuate."
" Ffor god," seid the kyng gladly:
He freyred the kyng in his ere,
What lordis that thei were
That stondis here hym bye,
" The erle of lancastur is the ton,
" And the earl of waryn sir John,
" Bolde and as hardy:
" Thei mow do mycull with the kyng,
" I haue tolde hem of thy thyng:"
Then seid he, " gramercy."

The scheptrde seid, "sir god blesse zew,
" I know yow not be swete ihu,"
And swere awel gret oth.
" Ffelow," they seid " I leve the well
" Thou hase seen Robyn or this sell
" Ze ne ar no thyng wrothe."
" No sirs," he seid, " so mot I the
" We ar neghtburs I and he,
" We were neuer loth."
As gret lordis as thei ware
He toke of his hode neuer the mare
But seid, " god saue you bothe ."

The lordis seid to hym anon,
" Joly Robyn let hym nozt gon
" Till that he haue etyn
" Hym semys a felow for to be
" Moo bourdis yet mow we see
" Er his errand be gettyn."
The kyng to the scheperdė con say,
" Fro me thou gost not away
" Tille we to gedurr haue spokyn.
" An errande I hyzt the for to done
" I wolde that thou were siruyd sone
" That hit be not for getyn.

" Goo we to gedur to the marshall
" And I my self shall tel the tale
" The bettur may thou spede."
" Robyn," he seid, " thou art trew,
" I wis it shalle the neuer rew
" Thou shalt haue thy mede."
To the hall he went a full gode pase,
To seke wher the stuards was,
The scheperde with hym rede,
Long hym thouzt til mydday
That he ne were siruyd of his pay
He wolde haue done his dede.

When he into the hall came,
Ther fonde he no maner of man
The kyng hym bade abyde.
" I wil go aboute thy nede
" Ffor to loke gif I may spede,
" Ffor thing that may be tide.
" Robyn dwel not long fro me,
" I know no man here but the,
" This court is nozt but pride ;
" I ne come of no sick fare
" These hye halles thei are so bare
" Why ar thei made so wyde."

Then lowz the kyng and began to go,
And wyth his marsshale met he tho,
He commandit hym azeyne
" Ffelow," he seid, " herkyn alizt
" And on myne errand go thou tyte
" Also mot thou thynne
" A scheperde abides me in hall
" Off hym shall we laz alle
" At the meyte when that we bene.
" He is cum to aske iiij pounde
" Goo and fech it in astounde
" The sothe that I may sene.

" Twey schelyng ther is more
" Ffor gete hem not be goddis ore
" That he ne haue alle his pay
" I wolde not for my best stede,
" But he were siruyd er he zede,
" Er then hye mydday.
" He wenys amarchande that I be,
" Joly Robyn he callis me,
" Ffor sertayn soth to say,
" Now sone to mete when I shall goo
" Loke ne be nozt for me fro."
" Lorde," he seid, then " nay."

Fforthe the marshale can gon
And brouzt the stuard sone anon
And did adowne his hode,
" Herstow felow hast thou do
" The thyng that I seid the to ?"
" Ffor the gode rode"
" Sir," he seid, "it is redy
" I know hym not be oure lady
" Before me thoz he stode."
" Goo take zond man and pay be tyme
" And bidde hym thonk Joly Robyne
" We shall sone haue game gode."

Fforthe thei went all thre
To pay the scheparde his mone
Ther he stode in the halle,
The stuward at hym frayued tho,
" What askis thou felow er thou goo ?
" Telle me among vs alle."
" Sir," he seid, " so mot I the,
" Ffoure pounde de owe to me
" So fayre mot be falle,
" Tway schillyngs is the rodde,
" I haue wytnesse ther of begod,
" Within the castell walle.

" Hit is skorid here on atayle
" Haue brok hit wel with owt fayle
" I haue kept it long enoz.
" The stuwarde ther of I ne rech
" I wisse I haue ther to no mech."
At hym ful fast thei looz,
" Ne were Joly Robyn that I here se
" To day no gate no mone of me
" Made thou it neur so towz.
" But for his luf go tel it here."
Then made the scheperde right glad chere,
When he the siluer drowz.

He did it vp the sothe to say,
But sum therof he toke away
In his handful rathe.
" Joly Robyn," he seid, " herkyn to me,
" A worde er tweyn in priuete
" To gedur be twene vs bath.
" I hizt the zisturday seuen shyllyng,
" Haue brok it wel to thy clothyng,
" Hit will do the no slathe
" And for thou hast holpyn me now
" Ever more felowes I and thou
" And mycull thanks sir now haue ze."

" Graunt mercy," seid than he,
" But siluer shalt thou nou gif me
" I swere be seynt martyne."
" Be god," seid the scheperde, " zys :"
" Nay," seid oure kyng, " I wys
" Nozt for a tunne of wyne
" Ffor thy luf I wolde do more
" Then speke aworde or ij therfore,
" Thou may proue sum tyme,
" Zif thou be fastyng cum with me
" And take a morsell in priuete
" To gedur then shall we dyne."

" Nay sir," he seid, " so god me spede,
" To the kyngs meyte haue I no nede
" I wil ther of no dele.
" Ther is non of his proud meny
" That hase alway so gode plente
" I ha ne euery sele."
The kyng bare witnesse and seid, " za
" But thou myzt onys er thou ga
" Etyn with me a mele.
" The grettist lordis of the lande
" Haue bidde the tary I vnderstonde
" And therfore bere the well."

" Ffor thy luff robyne I wil gladly
" To day then mett I myne enemye,
" Ffor sothe as I the tell
" He that be my doztur lay,
" I tolde the of hym zisturday
" I wolde he were in hell.
" At my howse is alle the rowte
" They wil do harme whil I am oute
" Fful yuel then dar I dwell.
" Wolde thou speke for me to the kyng
" He wolde avow me my slyrgyng
" Thaire pride then shulde I fell."

Kyng Edwart onswerid agayne,
" I will go to these erles twane
" That stode lang ore be me.
" Thai ar a partie of my knowyng,
" Thei shall speke for thee to the kyng
" That wrokyn shall thou be
" In this courte thai ar twenty
" At my biddyng to bidde redy
" To do a gode iornay,
" When thou comys home make no bost
" Thei shal be takyn er thou it wost
" Thouz thai were sech thre."

Thus the kyng held hym with tale,
That alle that euer was in the sale,
Off hym hade ǥret ferly,
To gedur thei zede vp and down
As men that seid thair orison,
But no man wist why,
The scheperde keppid his staf ful warme,
And happid it euer vndur his harme
As he romyd hym by,
He wold no man toke it hym fro,
Til that he shulde to meyte goo,
Sich was his curtasy.

The kyng commandit al his
That no man speke to hym amysse
As thei wolde be his frynde,
When tablys were layd and cloths sprad
The scheperde in to the hall was lad
To begynne a bordis ende.
His mytans hang be his spayre
And alway hodit like a frere
To mete when he shulde wende.
And when the waytis blew lowde hym be
The scheperde thozt what may this be
He wende he hade herd a fende.

And alle that hym aboute stode
Wende that man hade bene wode
And lowz hym to hethyng.
Ffor he so nycely zede in halle
And bare a staffe among tham alle
And wolde take it no thyng,
The stwarde seid to Joly Robyn,
" Goo wesshe sir for it is tyme
" At the furst begynyng
" And for that odur Edwart loue
" Thou shalt sitte here aboue
" In stidde alle of the kyng."

When he had wasshen, and fayr i sett,
The qwene anon to hym was fett,
Ffor sche was best worthy,
At euery ende of the deyse,
Sate an erle withowte lese
And a fayre lady.
The kyng commandit the stward tho,
To the scheperde for to go,
And pray hym specially,
A tabul dormant that he begynne
Then shal we lawz that be here in
Off his rybaudy.

"Adam," he seid, " sit here down
" Ffor Joly Robyn of the town
" He gifs the gode worde.
" And for thou art of his knoyng
" We vouch safe olde and zong
" That thou begynne the borde."
" Perdy," seid the scheperde nowe,
" Hit shal be thouzt if that I mow
" Hit is wel kept in horde
" But if I do Robyne a gode tourne
" Ellis mot I hangyt be
" Wyth a hempyn corde."

And when the hall was rayed out
The scheperde lokid al aboute,
How that hit myzt bene
Surkets ouer al he con holde,
Off knyzts and of persons bolde,
Sich had he non sene.
The prince was feched to the borde
To speke with the kyng aworde,
And also with the qwene.
Then he frayned hym in his ere
If he wolde " passilodion" lere
And " berafrende" be dene.

" Lorde," he seid, " what may that be ?
" I know it not be goddis tre
" It is a new language."
" I leue the well," seid the kyng,
" Thou may not know al thyng
" Thou ther to ne has non age.
" There is a mon in this town
" That will it preue gode reson
" To kyng squyer and page
" And gif thou wille gif any mede
" I shal do ther to hym lede
" Vnto his scole astage."

" Hit is a scheperde that I of mene
" At his howse then haue I bene
" With in this seuen nyzt
" A dosan knyzts and thai had cum with me
" Thei shulde haue had mete plente
" Off that I fonde zedy dyzt."
Then he tolde hym alle the case
Off " passilodion" what it was,
And " berafrynde" I plyzt.
" He sitts yonde in a furrid hode
" Goo bere hym here a golde ryng gode
" And that anon right."

" And thank hym mycul for Joly Robyne
" He wenys that it be name myne
" Ffor soth as I the say.
" He wot I haue a son here
" That is the qwene lefe and dere
" I tolde hym so zisturday.
" As ofte as thou wilt to hym gon
" Name passilodion
" And wete what he will say."
" Lorde," he seid, " I wil gladly
" I can hit wel and perfitely
" Now have I lornyd a play."

When he to the scheperde came,
He seid, " do gladly gode adam
" And mycull gode hit the doo
" Micul thanke for Joly Robyn
" That thou did my lorde to dyne
" And othur ther is also.
" Whi playes thou not passilodion
" As thou did zisturday at home?
" I will answer ther to
" I know the game to the end
" Ffor to say berafrynde
" As haue I zest and zoo."

Then looz the herde and liked ille
And seid, " lefe childe be stille
" Ffor goddis swete tre.
" Go sei thy fadur he is to blame
" That he for gode dose me schame—
" Why has he wryed me ?
" Have I maugre for my god dede
" Shall I neuer more marchande fede
" Ne telle my pryuete."
He stroked vp his hud for tene
And toke a cuppe and made it dene
A gret drauzt then drank he.

The prynce seid, " that was wel done
" Hit shalle filled azeyn ful sone
" Alle of the best wyne.
" Play passilodion and haue no drede
" And haue a gold ryng to thy mede
" And were it for luf myne.
" I wil it not for soth to say
" Hit shulde not laste me halfe aday
" Be goddis swete pyne."
When it were brokyn farewell he
An hatte wer bettur then sech thre
Ffor reyne and sonne schyne.

When the prince hade hym be holde,
He zede and sate hym wher he wolde,
As skille and reson is.
And alle the lordyngs in the halle
On the herd thei lowzen alle
When any cuppe zede amys.
When they hade etyn and clothe draw
And wasshen as hit is landis lawe
Certayn sothe I wysse,
Thei drank thei aftur sone anon
And played passilodion
Tille ilke man hade his ——.

The lordis anon to chaumbur went,
The kyng aftur the scheperde sent,
He was brozt forth full sone,
He clawed his hed his here he rent
He wende wel to haue be schent
He ne wyst what was to done.
When he french and latyn herde
He hade mervell how it ferde
And drow hym euer alone
" Jhū," he seid, " for thy gret grace
" Bryng me fayre out of this place
" Lady now here my bone."

" What eyled me why wis I wode
" That I cowth so litell gode
" My seluen for to wrye?
" A lord god that I wis vnslye
" Alasse that euer he come so nye
" The sothe that I shulde seye.
" Wolde god for his modurs luf
" Bryng me onys at myn abose
" I were out of theire eye.
" Shulde I neuer for no fair spech
" Marchande of my cowncell teche
" Loo aferde I am to dye."

The kyng saw he was sory,
He had ther of gret myrth for thy,
And seid, " come nere adam,
" Take the spices and drynk the wyne
" As homely as I did of thyne
" So god the gif the dame."
Ffulle carfully in he zede.
" Haue I this for my gode dede
" Me rewes that I here came."
He toke the wyne, and laft the spice,
Then wist thei wel that he was nyce,
Wel carfull was that man.

He ete the spycethe, wyne he drank
Oure kyng on the scheperde wanke,
Priuely with his eye.
Joly Robyn he thozt wo thou be
That tyme that I euer met with the,
Er euer that I the seye.
Be god, he thouzt, had I the nowe
Ther were zisturday I and thow
Paynes then shulde thou drye.
I shulde chastis the so with my slyng
Thou shulde no moo tythyngs bryng
On horse thowz thou were hye.

The kyng commandit a squyer tere,
" Goo telle the scheperde in his ere
" That I am the kyng
" And thou shalt se sich cowntenence
" That hym had leuer be in fraunce
" When heris of that tythyng.
" He has me schewid his preuete
" He wil wene ded to be
" And make therfore mournyng.
" Hit shalle hym mene alto gode
" I wolde not ellis be the rode
" Nouzt for my best gold ryng."

The squyer pryuely toke his leue,
And plucked the scheperde be the sleue,
Ffor to speke hym with,
"Man," he seid, "thou art wode
"Why dose thou not down thy hode
"Thou art all out of kith.
"Hit is the kyng that spekes to thee
"May* do what his willis be
"Be refe this lym and lith
"And gif thou haue do any trespas
"Ffall on knees and aske grace
"And he will gif the grith."

Then was that herd a carful man
And neuer so sory as he was than
When he herd that sawe.
He wist not that hym was gode,
But then he putte down his hode
On knees he fel down lawe.
"Lorde," he seid, "I crye the mercy,
"I know the not be oure lady,
"When I come into the sale;
"Ffor had I wist of the sorowe
"When that we met zistur morow
"I had not ben in this bale."

FLORICE AND BLANCHEFLOUR.

I NE kan telle zou nowt
How richeliche the sadel was wrout;
The arsouns were gold pur and fin,
Stones of vertu set thair in;
Bigon abounten wiz orfreis,
The quene was hende and curteis;
She cast hir hond to hire fingre,
And drouz ther of a riche ringe;
" Haue now, sone, here this king
" While thou hit hast, doute the no thing,
" Bestir the brenne, ne drencher in se,
" Ne iren ne stel schal derie the.
" And, be hit erli and be hit late,
" To the will thou schalt haue whate."
Weping thai depted nouthe,
And kuste him wiz softe mouthe

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Thai made for him non other chere,
Than thai seze him legge on bere!
How forth thai nine wiz alle main,
Himself, and his chamberlain.
So long thai han undernome,
To the hauene thai bez icome,
Ther blancheflour lai a nizt;
Richeliche thai wer idizt.
The louerd of the hous was wel hend,
The child he sette next his hende,
In the althiest fairest sete.
Gladlie thai dronke and ete
All that ther were,
Al thai made glade chere,
And ete and dronke echon wiz other:
And Florice thouzte all another!
Ete ne drinke mizte he nouzt;
On Blaunches flour was al his thouzt
The leuedi of the hous underzat
How this child moarning sat
And seide her loverel wiz still dreme
" Sire," ze said, " nimstou no zeme
" How this child mourning sit?
" Mete and drink he forzit;
" Litel he etez and lasse he drinkez,
" He nis no marchaunte as me thinkez"

To Flourice than spak zhe,
" Child, ful of mourning y the se ;
" Thus sat her inne, this enderdai
" Blancheflour that fair mai
" Herinne was that maiden bouzt
" And ouer the se sche was ibrochzt
" Her inne thai bouzt that maiden swete
" And wille her eft selle to bezete,
" To babilothne thai wille here bring,
" And selle hire to Kaisar other to king
" Thou art slich here of alle thinge,
" Of semblant and of mourning,
" Bot thou art a man and zhe is a maide"
Thous the wife to Florice saide.
The Florice herde his leman neuene,
So blithe he was of that steuene.
That his herte began alle lizt.
A coupe of gold he lette fulle rizt;
" Dame, he saide, this haill is thin
" Bothe the gold and the win
" Bothe the gold and the wineke
" For thou of mi leman speke.
" On her I thout, for here I fizt;
" And, west ich wher hire fende mezt,

" The scholde no weder me assoine
" That ihe schal here seche at babeloine."
Florice rest, him there al nizt.
Amorwe, whanne hit was dai lizt,
He dide him in the salte flod;
Winde and weder he hadde ful god.
To the mariners he zaf largeliche,
That brouzten him ouer blethaliche,
To the londe thar he wold lende,
For thai founden him so hende.
Sone so Florice com to londe,
Wele zerne he thankede godes sonde,
To the lond ther his leman is,
Him thouzt he was in paradis.
Wele sone men Florice tiddinggis told,
The amerall wolde feste holde,
And kinges and dukes to him come scholde,
Al that of him holde wolde,
For to honour his hezhe feste,
And also for to heren his heste.
Tho Florice herde this tiding,
Than gan him glade in alle thing;
And in his hert thouzt he,
That he wolde at that feste be;

For wole he hopede, in the halle,
His lemen sen among hem alle,
So long Florice hath undernome,
To a fair cite he is icome,
Wel faire men hath his in one,
Ase men scholde to a kinges sone,
At a palais was nou him alicht,
The louerd of the hous was wele riche,
And god inow him com to honde,
Bothe biwater and belonde.
Florice he sparede for nofe, no fee,
I now that there ne scholde be,
Of figsch, of flesch, of tendre bred,
Bothe of whit win, and of red.
The louerd hadde ben wel wide;
The child he sette bi his side,
In thealtherferste sete.
Gladliche thai dronke and ete,
And Florice ete an drank riztoowt,
On Blanchesflour, was al in thouzt.
Than bespak the bourgeis,
That hende was fre, and courteys,
" Child, me thinkkis swiche wele,
" Thi thout is mochel on thi catel!"

" Nai on mi catel is hit nowt;
" On othe think is al mi thouzt,
" Mi thouzt is, on all wyse,
" Mochel on mi marchaundise,
" And zit, that is mi maist wo,
" Gif ich hit finde and schal forgo!"
Thanne spak the louerd of that inne,
" Thous sat, this other dai, her inne,
" That fare maide Blaunchesflour,
" Bothe in halle and eke in bour.
" Ouere zhe made mourning chere,
" And bimette Florice here leue sere;
" Joie ne bliss ne hadde zhe none,
" And on Florice was al here mone."
Florice het a coupe of silver whizt,
And a mantel of scarlet,
Ipaned al wiz meniver,
And zaf his hostesse ther.
" Have this, " zhe saide," to thine honour;
" And thou hit myztze thonke Blaunchesflour
" Stolen zhe was out mine countreie,
" Her ich here seche by the waie.
" He mizte make mi herte glad,
" Than couthe me telle whider zhe was lad."

" Child, to babeloyne zhe his ibrouzt;
" And ameral hir had ibouzt.
" He zaue for hire, as zhe stod uprizt, *
" Seuen scheshere gold of wizt
" For hire faired (hire faired) and for hire schere,
" The ameral hire bowzte so dere.
" For he thinkez, wizouten wene,
" That fair mai to honen to quene.
" Amang other maidnes in his tour,
" He hath hire ido wiz mochel hōur."
Now Florice rest him there al nizt.
On morewe, whan hit was dai lizt,
He aros up in the moreweninge,
And zaf his host an hondred schillinge,
To his hoste and to his hostesse;
And nam his leue, and gan hem messe;
And zerne he had his ostesse bisouzt,
That zhe him helpe, zif zhe mouzt,
How he mizte, wiz sum gine,
The fair maiden to him awine.
" Child, to one brigge thou shalt come,
" A burgeis thou findest at a frome;
" His palais is at a brigges ende:
" Curteis man he his, and hende,
" We beth wed breththen, and trewthe iplizt;
" He the can wessen, and renden arizt.

" Thou schalt beren him a ring,
" Fram mi selue, to toking,
" That he the helpe in eche helue,
" So hit were befalle mi selue."
Florice tok the ring, and nam his leue,
For ther no leng wold he beleue,
Bi that his was ondren heghz,
The brigge he was swithe negz,
When he was to the brigge icome,
The burges he fond at a frome;
Stonded on a marbel ston,
Fair man, and hende he was on,
The burgeis was i hote dayae,
Florice him grette swithe faire,
And hath him the ring irawt,
And wele faire him bitawt,
Thourgh tokening of that ilke ring.
Florice had there god gestining,
Of fichss, of flegsch, of tendre bred,
Bothe of whit win and of red,
And euere Florice sizte ful cold,
And darys gan him behold.
" Leue child, what mai the be?
" Thous carfoul as I the se,
" I wene thou nart nowt al fer,
" That thou makest thous doelful cher.

" Other the likez nowt thin in."
How Florice answered him,
" Zis, fire, be godes hore,
" So god me ne hadde zore,
" God late me bide thiwe dai,
" That ich the zelde mai!
" Ac I thenke, in alle wise,
" Upon min owen merchaundise,
" Wherefore ich am hider come,
" Lest I ne finde hit nowt at a frome.
" And zit is that mi meste wo,
" Zif ich it finde and sschal forgo!"
" Child, woldest thou tel me thi gres,
" To helpe the me were ful les."
Now euerich word he had him told,
Now the maide was fram him sold,
And how he was of Speine a kinges sone,
And for hire loue thides icome
For to fond wiz som gine,
That faire maide to biwine.
Daris nou that childe bihalt,
And for a fol he him halt.
" Child," he seiz, " I se how goz;
" I wis thou zernest thin owendez!
" The ameral hath, to his iustenig,
" Other half hondred of riche kig,

" That al ther richest king,
" Ne dorste begine swich a thing,
" For, mizte the amerall hit underzete,
" Some thow wereof hire quite.
" Abouten babeloin, wezouten wene,
" Sexte longe milen and tene;
" And ate walle thar beth ate,
" Seuen sithe twenti zate,
" Twenti towris ther bezine,
" That euerich dai chefungisine.
" This no dai thurg the zer,
" That cheping nis the iunepleuer.
" An hundred toures also therto,
" Mez in the bozewe and somdel mo.
" That alderest feblest tour,
" Wolde kepe and empower,
" To comen al ther wiz nine,
" Forther wiz strengze newiz ginne.
" And thei alle the men that beth ibore,
" Addon hit up here deth is whore;
" That scholde winne the mai so sone,
" As fram the heuene hez the sonne and mone,
" As in the borugh, amide the rizt,
" Ther stat a riche a tour, the aplizt,

" Agonsang taiser he his treize,
" Wo so it be alt wit fer and naggone.
" And an hundres taises he is wid,
" And I maked wiz mochel prid,
" Of lim, and of marbel ston.
" In cristience nis suilk none.
" And the morter is maked so wel,
" Se mai no man hit breke wiz no stel,
" And the pomel, aboue the led,
" Is wrocht wiz so moche red,
" That men ne ferren a nizt berne
" Neither torche ne lanterne.
" Swiche a pomel was neuer bigonne
" Hit schinez a nizt so a dai doth the sone
" Son beth therinne that riche toure
" Four and twenti maidenes boure,
" So wele wer that i we man,
" That mizte women in that an,
" Now thourt him neuere ful I wis
" Willen after more blisse.
" Those beth the seriantes ni the stage,
" To seruen the maidenes of page.
" So mai no seriaunt be ther inne,
" That in his brech bereth the ginne,
" Neither bi dai ne bi nizt,

" But he be as capoun dizt.
" And at the gate is a gateward;
" He nis no fol, ni no coward.
" Zif the comez ani man,
" Wis inne that ilche barbican,
" Out hit be bi his leue,
" He wille him bothe bete and reue.
" The porter is proud wiz alle;
" Euerich dai he goth in palle.
" And the amerail is so wonder agoine,
" That euerich zer, hit his wone,
" To chesen him a newe wif,
" And whan he a newe wif under fo,
" He knawez how hit sal be do,
" Than schollemen fechche doun of the stage
" Alle the maidenes of parage,
" And breng hem in to on orchard,
" The fairest of al middelhard,
" Ther is foulen song,
" Men mizte levven ther among,
" Aboute the orchard goth a walle,
" The werste stone is cristal.
" Ther man mai sen, on the ston,
" Mochel of this werldes wisdom,

" And a welle ther springes inne,
" That is wrowt wiz mochel gine,
" The welle is of mochel pris,
" The strem com fram paradis.
" The grauel in the grounde of preciouse stone
" & and of vertu, I wis, echone,
" Of Sapheres and of Sardoines
" Of oneches, and of calsidoines,
" Son is the wat of so mochel eye,
" Zif the comez ani maiden that is forleie,
" And bowe to the grounde,
" For to waschen hire honde,
" The water wille zelle als hit wer wod;
" And bicom on here so red so blod.
" Wich maiden the water fairez on so,
" Hye schal sone bi fordo.
" And thilke that beth maidenes clene,
" Thai mai hem wassche of the renė,
" The water wille erne stille and cler,
" Selle hit hem make no danger.
" At the welle heued ther stant a tree.
" The fairest that mai in erthe be;
" Hit is icleped the tre of loue,
" For floures and blosimes beth en aboue

" And thilke that clene maidenes be
" Men schall here bring under that tre
" And wich so fallez on that flour
" He schal ben chosen quen wiz houre
" And zif ther ani maiden is,
" That thamerail halt of mest pris,
" The floure schal on here be went,
" Thurch art, and thurch enchantement:
" Thous he cheseth thourz the flour,
" And euere we herknez when hit be Blancheflour."
Thre siches Florice swouned nowthe,
Or he mizt speke wiz mouthe,
Sone he awok, and spek mizt,
Sore he wepe, and sore he sizt.
" Marie! " he said," ich worlte ded,
" Both ich haue of the help and red!"—
" Leue child, ful wel I se,
" That thou wilt to deathe te!
" The best red that ican,
" Other red i ne can,
" Wende to morwe to the tour,
" As thou were a god ginour,
" And nim in thin honds quis and santelour,
" Als thai thou were a masoun.

" Bihold the tour up and down,
" The porter is coluard and feloun;
" Wel sone he wil come to the,
" And aske what mister man thou be.
" And ber upon the felonie,
" And sai thou art comen the tour aspie.
" Thou shalt answeren him swechlich,
" And speke to him wel undelich,
" And sai thou art aginour
" To beheld that elche tour,
" And for to lerne and for to fonde,
" To mak another in the londe.
" Wel sone he wil com the ner,
" And bidde the plaien at the scheker
" To plaien he wil be wel fous,
" And to winen of thin wel concitous.
" When thou art to the scheker brouzt;
" Wizouten faus ne plai thou nowt.
" Thou shalt haue redi mitte,
" Thritte mark under thi slitte,
" And gif he winne ouzt al thin,
" Al leue thou hit wiz him,
" And gif thou winne ouzt of his,
" Thou lete therof ful litel pris.
" Wel zeron he wille the bidde & praie,
" That thou come amorewe and plaie,

" Thou schalt sigge thou wilt so,
" And min wiz the amorewe swich two,
" And euer thou shalt in thin owen wolde,
" Thi golde cop wiz he at holde,
" That ilkeself coppe of golde,
" That was for Blancheflour zolde.
" The thridde dai bere wiz the an hondred pond
" And the coppe al hol and sond
" Zif him markes: and pans fale,
" Of thi mone tel thou no tale,
" Wel zerne he the wille bidde and praie,
" That thou legge the caupe to plaie.
" Thou shalt answeren him ate first,
" So lenger plai thou no list.
" Wel moche he wille for thi coupe bede,
" Zif he mizte the better spede.
" Thou schalt blitheliche ziuen hit him,
" Thai hit be gold thur and fin,
" And sai, me thinkez hit wel besemez the
" That hit wer wore worz swiche pre.
" Sai also, the ne faille non,
" Gold ne seluer ne fiche won,
" And wil thanne so mochel loue the,
" That thou hit schalt bothe here and see,

" That he wil falle to thi fot,
" And bicome thi man zif he mot.
" His manred thou shalt afonge.
" And thi trewthe of his honde,
" Zif thou mizt thous his loue winne,
" He mai the helpe wiz som ginne."
Son also Florice hath iwrowt,
Also daric him hath icawt;
That thourgh his gold and his garsome,
The porter is his man bicom,
" Now quath Florice thou art mi man,
" And al mi trest is the upan.
" Sone thou mezt wel ethe,
" Arede me fram the dethe."
And euerich word he hath him told,
Hou Blancheflour was fram him sold;
And hou he was of Spaine a kynges sone,
And for hire loue thider icome;
To fond wiz som ginne,
The maiden azen to him winne.
The porter that herde and sore sizte;
" Icham bitraied thourz rizte
" Thourz the catel icham bitraid
" And of mi lif icham dismaid

"Thou ich wot child hou hit geth
"For the ich drede to tholie deth
"And natheles ich ne schal the neue faile mo
"Ther whiles mai ride or go.
"Thi foreward ich wil heldenalle,
"What so wille betide or falle
"Wende thou hom into thin in,
"Whiles I think of som ginne,
"Bitwene this and the thridde dai,
"How ich wille that I mai."
Florice spak, and wepe among;
That ilche terme him thouzte wel long
The porter thouzte what to rede.
He let floures gatheren in the mede,
He wist hit was the maidenes wille,
Two coupen he let of floures fille;
That was the red that he thouzt tho,
Florice in that o coupe do;
And were gegges the coupe bere,
So hem charged that wroth thai were,
Thai bad god zif him euel fin,
That so mani floures dede therin,
Thider that thai weren wede,
Se wer thai nouzt arizt birede;

Ac thai turned in hire left* hond,
Blaunchesfloures bour an hond.
To Clarice bour the coupe thai bere,
Wiz the floures that therinne were;
Ther the couppe thai sette adown,
And zafe here malisoun,
That so fele floures embzouzte on honde;
Thai wenten forth, and leten the couppe stondde,
Clarice to the coupe com, and wolde
The floures handleden and biholde.
Florisse wende hit hadde ben his swet wizt,
In the coupe he stode uprizt.
And the maid, al for drede,
Bigan to schrichen an to grede
Tho sche seghz hit nas nowch hye
And held him bitraied al clene,
Of his dez he ne zaf nowt abene.
Ther com to Clarice maidenes lepe,
Silen bi twenti in one hepe;
And askede what her were,
That him makede so loude bere?
Clarice hire understod anon rizt,
That hit was Blancheflour that swete wizt,
For here boures nez were,
And seldon that thai nezen I fere,

And ather of other counseil that wizte,
And michel aything to other triste.
Hie zaf hire maidenes answere anon,
That into boure thai scholder gon,
" To his coupe ich am, and wolde
" The floures handle, and beholde;
" Ac ther ich hit euer weste,
" Aboterfleze to zain me fluste;
" Ich was sor adrad of than,
" That schrichen and greden I began."
The maidenes hadde ther of gle,
And turnede azene and lete Clarisse be.
So sone so the maidenes weren agon,
To Blauncheflours bour Clarice went anon,
And saide leyende to Blaunchefiour;
" Swiche a flour that the schal lik
" Haue thon sene hit alite!"
" Anoth, dameseile," quath Blaunchefiour,
" So skorne me is litel hour!
" Ich I here, Clarice, wizoute gabbe,
" The ameral wil me to wiue habbe;
" Ac thilke dai schal neuer be,
" That men schal at wite me,
" That I shal ben of loue untrewe,
" Se chaungi loue for non newe;

“ For no loue, ne for non eie,
“ So doth Florice in his countreie
“ Thou y schal swete Florice misse,
“ Shal non other of me haue blisse!”
Clarice stant, and behalt the reuthe,
And the treunesse of this treuthe;
Leizande sche said to Blauncheflour,
“ Com nou se that ilche flour!”
To the coupe thai zeden tho,
Wel blisful was Floresse tho,
For he had iherd al this,
Out of the coupe he sterte I wis.
Blauncheflour changede hewe,
Wel sone aither other knewe.
Wizouten speche togidere thai lepe,
That clepte, and keste, and eke wepe.
Hire aissing laste a mile,
And that he thouzt litel while.
Clarice bihalt al this,
Here countenaunce and here bliss,
And leizende said to Blauncheflour
“ Felawe, knoweston thou ouzt this flour?
“ Litel er, noldest thou hit se;
“ And nou thou ne mizt hit lete fro the!

" He moste conne wel mochel of art,
" That thou woldest zif therof ani part!"
Bothe thise swete thinges, for blis,
Fallez down here fet to kis;
And criez hire merci, al weping,
That zhe hem briwaie nowt to the king.
To the king that zhe hem nowt bewreie
Wher thourgh thai were siker to dethe?
Tho spak Clarice to Blauncheflour,
Wordes ful of fin amour.
" Se doute zou na more wiz alle,
" Than to miself hit hadde bifalle.
" White zhe wel wrichli,
" That hele ich wille zoure both druni."
To on bedde zhe hath him ibrouzt,
That was of silk and sendel wrouzt,
Thai sette hem there wele softe adoun,
And Clarice drouz the courteyn rown.
Tho began thai to chirpe and kisse,
And made joie and mochel blisse.
Florice ferst speke began,
And said, " louered that madest man,
" The I thanke, godes sone,
" Nou al mi care iche haue ouercome,

" And now ich haue mi left i founde,
" Of al mi care ich am unbounde!"
Now hath aither other told
Of mani a car, foul cold,
And of mani pine strong,
That thai had bene atwo so long.
Clarice hem serued al to wille,
Bothe derneliche and stille.
Bot so ne mizte zhe long i wite,
That hit ne scholde ben underzeite.
Now had the ameral swich a wone,
That eueri dai ther scholde come,
Thre maidenes out of hire bower,
To seruen him up in the tour,
Wiz water and cloth and bacyn,
For to wasschin his hondes in,
The thridde scholde bringge comb & mezour,
To seruen him wiz gret honour,
And thai serued him neuer so faire.
Amorwen schold another pair.
And mest was woned into the cour,
Ther to Clarice and Blauncheflour.
So longe him serued the maidenes route,
That hir seruice was comen aboute;

On the morewen that thider com Florice,
Hit fel to Blauncheflour & to Clarice.
Clarice, so wele hire mote betide,
Aros up in the morewented,
And cleped after Blauncheflour,
To wende wiz here into the tour.
Blauncheflour said ich am comende,
Ac here answere was al sleuende.
Clarice in the wai is nome,
And wende that Blauncheflour had come
Sone so Clarice com in the tour,
The ameral asked after Blauncheflour.
" Sire, zhe saide anon rizt,
" Zhe had iwaked al this nizt,
" And ikueled, and iloke,
" And irad upon hire boke,
" And bad to god hire oriesoun,
" That he the ziue benisoun,
" And the held long alive,
" Now sche slepeth also swithe,
" Blauncheflour that maiden swete,
" That hir ne mai nowtt comen zhete."
" Certe, said the king,
" Now is he a swete thing,

" Wele arizte ich here serue to wiue,
" When zhe bit so for mi liue."
Another dai Clarice arist,
And Blauncheflour at wist,
Whi hi made so longe demoere?
" Aris up, and go we ifere."
Blancheflour saide, " icome anon."
And Florice he kleppe bigan,
And felle aslepe on thise wise,
And after hem gan sore agrise.
Clarise to the piler cam,
The batyn of gold zhe nam,
And had icheped after Blauncheflour,
To wende wiz here into the tour.
Zhe ne answerede nai ne zo,
To wende Clarice zhe ware ago.
Sone so Clarice com in to the tour,
The ameral asked after Blauncheflour,
Whi and wharfore zhe ne come,
As he was woned to done?
" Zhe was arisen ar ich were,
" Ich wende her hauen ifonden here."
" What, ne is zhe nowt icomen zit?
" Now zhe me doutez al to lit."

Forthe he clepeth his chamberleyn,
And bit him wende with alle main,
And wite withat zhe ne com,
As he was wone before to don.
The chamberleyn had undernome,
Into his bour he his come,
And stant bifore hire bed,
And find thar twa neb to neb.
Neb to neb, an mouth to mouth,
Wele sone was that sorwe couth!
In to the tour up he steiz
And said his louerd al that he saz.
The ameral het his swerd him bring,
I witen he wold of that thinge.
Forht he minz wiz alle mayn,
Himself and his chamberleyn,
Til thai com thar thai two laie;
Zit was the slepfast in hire eie.
The ameral het hire clothes keste,
A litel binethen here breste,
And sez he wel son anon,
That on was a man that other a woman,
He quok for anguisse ther he stod;
Hem to quelle was his mode,

He him bethowzte ar he wolde hem quelle,
What thai wer that schold him telle,
And sithen he thowzte hem of dawe don.
The children awoken under thon.
Thai segh the swerd ouer hem i drawe,
Adrad thai ben to ben islawe.
Tho bispak the ameral bold,
Wordes that schold sone be told.
" Sai me now, thou belami,
" Who made the so hardi,
" For to come in to mi tour,
" To ligge ther be Blauncheflour?
" To wrotherhale wer ze bore;
" Ze schollen tholie deth therfore."
Than ne said Florice to Blauncheflour,
" Of oure lif mis no socour."
And mercy thai crideon him so swiche,
That he zaue hem respite of her liue,
Til he had after his baronage sent.
To awreken him thourgz jugement.
Up he bad hem slit bothe,
And don on other clothes,
And siththe he let hem bindefast,
And in to prisoun hem he cast,
Til he had after his baronage sent,
To werken him thourgh jugement.

What helpez hit longe tale to schewe,
Ich wille zou telle, at wordes fewe,
Now al his baronag had undernome,
And to the ameral zhe beth icome,
His halle that was heize ibult,
Of kinges and dukes was ifult.
He stod up among hem alle,
Bisemblaunt swithe wrotht wizalle.
He said " lordingges, of mochel honour,
" Ze han herd speken of Blauncheflour,
" Hou ich hire bouzte dere, aplizt."
For seuen siches of gold hire wizt.
For hire faired and hire chere,
Ich hire bouzte allinge so dere.
" For ich thouzte, wezouten wene,
" Here haue i had to mi quene.
" Bifore hire bed miself icome,
" And fond bi hir naked grom.
" Tho thai were me so wrothe,
" I thouzte to han equeld hem bothe,
" Ich was so wraz and so wod:
" And zit ich wizdrouz mi mod.
" Forthe ich haue after zou went,
" To awreke me thourgz jugement.
" Now ze witen how hit his agon,
" A wreke mi swithe of mi fon!"

Tho spak a king of that londe,
" We han iherd this schame and schonde,
" Ac er we hem to dethe weeke,
" We scholle heren tho children speke,
" What thai wil speke and sigge,
" Zif thai ouzt azein wil allegge.
" Hit were nowt rezt jugement,
" Wezouten answere to acoupement."
After the children nou men tendez,
Hem to brenne for men lendez,
Twaie sarazins forth hem bringez,
Toward here deth sore wepinge.
Ther were this children two,
Now arther birepez otheres wo.
Florice saide to Blauncheflour,
" Of our lif nis non socour.
" Zif manken hit tholi mizt,
" Twies I schold die wiz rizt,
" One for miself another for the;
" For this deth thou hest for me!"
Blauncheflour said azen tho,
" The gelt is min of ounbother wo."
Florice drow forth the ring,
That his moder him zaue at his parting.

" Haue now this ring, leman min,
" Thou ne schalt nowt die whiles hit is thin."
Blauncheflour said tho,
" So ne schal hit never go,
" That this ring schal ared me
" Me maicht no deth on the se."
Florice the ring here arauzt,
And he him azen hit breauzt.
On hire he had the ring ithrast,
And hi hit hauez awai ikast.
A duk hit sez and bezgh to grounde,
An was glad that ring he founde.
On this maner the children come,
Weping to the fur and to hire dome.
Bifor al that fok thai ware wrowt;
Drer was hire brother thouzt.
Ther was non so sterne man,
That these children loked upan,
That thai ne wolde alle, fulfawe,
Here jugement haue wizdrawe.
And wiz gret garisoun hem begge,
Zif thai dorste speke other sigge.
So Florice was so fair a zongling,
And Blauncheflour so swete a thing,

Of men and wemen that beth nouthe,
That gon aur riden and speketh wiz mouthe,
Bethe non so fair in hire gladnesse.
Als thai ware in hire sorewenesse.
No man ne knew hem that hem was wo
Bisemblaunt that thai made tho,
But be the teres that thai schadde,
And fellen adoun be here nebbe.
The ameral was so wroz and wod,
That he ne mizt wizdraw his mod.
He bade binde the children faste,
In to the fir he hem caste.
Thilk duk that the gold ring hadde,
Son to speke reuthe he hadde.
Fain he wolde hem help to liue,
And told how thai for the ring did strive.
The amiral hete hem azen clepe,
For he wolde tho schildren speke,
He asked Florice what he hete;
And he him told swithe skete.
" Sire, he saide, zif it were thi wille,
" Thou ne auztest nowt this maiden spille.
" Ac, sire, lat quelle me,
" And lat that maiden aliue be."

Blauncheflour saide tho
“ The gilt is min of our both wo.”
And the ameral saide tho,
“ I wis ze stille die bo.
“ Wiz wreche ich wille me awreke,
“ Ze ne scholle neuere go no speke.”
His swerd he braid out of his schethe,
The children for to do to dethe;
And Blauncheflour putt forth hire swire,
And Florice gan hire azein tire.
“ Ich am a man, ich schal go fifore:
“ Thou ne auztest nowzt mi dez acore.”
Florice forth his swire putte;
And Blauncheflour arzen it brutte.
Al that wezen this,
Therfore sori weren I wis,
And saide “ dreri mai we be
“ Biswiche children swich reuthe se.”
The ameral, wrothe thai he were,
Bothe him chaunged mod and chere.
For aither for other wolde die,
And he segh so mani a weping eye.
And for he hedde so mochel loued the mai,
Weping he turned his heued awai,

And his swerd hit fel to grounde,
He ne mizte hit elde in that stounde.
Thilke duk that the ring founde,
Wiz the ameral spak and round.
And ful wel ther wiz he spedde,
The children ther wiz fram dethe he redde,
" Sire, he saide, hit is litel pris,
" Thise children to slew iwis,
" Hit is the welmore worsschipe,
" Florice conseile that thou wile,
" Who him tawzte thilke gin,
" For to com thi tour wizin;
" And who that him brouzte thai,
" The bet of other tho mizt be wai."
Than said the ameral to Florice tho,
" Tel me who the tauzte her to?"
" That, quath Florice, ne schall sch neuere do,
" Bot zif hit ben forziuen also.
" That ze gin me tauzte therto,
" Arst ne schal hit neuer be do."
Alle thai praied therfore I wis,
The ameral graunted this.
So euere word Florice hath him told,
Hou the maide was fram him sold,

And hou he was of Speyne a kinges sone,
For hire loue thider i come,
To fonden, wiz som gin,
That faire maiden for to win,
And hou thourgh his gold, and his garisoun,
The porter was his man bicom,
And hou he was in the coupe bore,
And alle this other louen therfore.
Now on the amerail wel him mote betide,
Florice he sette next his side
And made him stonde ther uprizt,
And hath idubbed him to knizt,
And bad he schold wiz him be,
Wiz the formest of his mene,
Florice fallet to his fet,
And bit him ziue his lip so swet.
The ameral zaue him his leman,
Alle the othere him thonked than.
To one chirche hiet hem bringge,
And wedde here wiz here owen ringge.
Now bothe this children alle for bliss,
Fil the ameral for to kis,
And thourgh counsel of Blauncheflour,
Clarice was fet down of the tour,

And the amerale here wedded to quene;
Ther was feste swithe breine.
I ne can tellen alle the sonde,
Ac the richest feste in londe,
Nas hire nowt longe efter than,
That Florice tidingge ne cam,
That his fader the king was ded,
And al the barnage zaf him red,
That he scholde wenden hom,
And underfongen his kyngdom,
Ac ameral he nom his lent;
And he him bad wiz him be lent.
Thanne bespake the ameral,
" Zif thou wilt do, Florice, bi mi counseil,
" Dwelle her, and wend nowt hom.
" Ich wille the ziuen a kyngdom,
" Also longe and also brod,
" Als euer zit thi fader bod,
" I nel beleue for to winne,
" To bidde me hit were sinne."
Thai bitauzt the ameral our drizt.
And thai com hom whan thai mizt,
And let croune him to king,
And hire to quene that swete thing,

And underfeng cristendom of prestes honde,
And thonked god of alle his sonde,
Now ben thai bothe ded,
Crist of heuen hom soules led,
Now is this tale browt to the ende,
Of Florice and of his lemans hende,
How after bale hem combote,
So wil our louerd that ous mote!
Amen sigges also,
And ich schal helpe zou therto!

PIERS OF FULLHAM.

EX. MS.to FF. 5. APUD TRIN: COLL: CANT.

Loo worshipfull Sirs here after ffolleweth a gentlymāly Tretyse full convenyent for contemplatiff louers to rede and understond made by a noble Clerke Piers of ffulhā sum tyme ussher of Venus Schole, whiche hath brieflye compyled many praty conceytis in loue under covert termes of ffysshyng and ffowlyng.

Perdimus anguillam manibus dum stringimus illam.

A MAN that lovith ffisshyng and ffowlyng bothe,
Ofte tyme that lyff shall hym be lothe,
In see in ryver in ponde or in poole,
Off that crafte thowe he knowe the scole,
Thought his nett never so wide streiche,
It happith full ofte hym naught to ketche.

What fisshe is slipperer than an ele?
Ffor whan thow hym grippist and wenest wele
Too haue hym siker right as the list,
Than faylist thou off hym, he is owte of thy fyst.
Diches sumtyme there samons used to haunte,
Lampreyes lucys or pykys plesaunt.
Wenyng the ffissher suche fisshe to ffynde;
Than comyth there a noyous north west wynde
And dryveth the fisshe into the depe,
And causeth the draught nat worthe a leeke;
But in steide off sturgeon and lamprons
He draweth up gurnard, and goions,
Codlyng cungur, and suche coisy fisshe,
Or wulwiche rochis, nat worthe a rysshe.
Suche fortune ofte tymes on fisshers fallys,
Though they on Petir prayen and callys.
It profiteth nat and skille is why
Ffor they to fisshyng goon wyth envy,
And put it oute off hiernes and hooles
Where as they ffynde the ffatt sooles,
And wayte in waraynes all the nyght,
Evene a non after the owls flight,
Whan that true men shulde goo to rest
To bribe and bere away the best.

That soiourne and kept bien in stiewe
Ffor store that nothyng shulde hym remewe.
But the goode man that oweth that gouernance,
His costlewe catell and his purviaunce
And severel oonly for to serue hym selff,
But nowe other that use anglyng ten or twelff,
Wyth water hookys, and certayne baite,
That makyth the fisshe after their foode to wayt,
To breeke trunkes these traitours use,
The cely fisshes can nat hem selff excuse;
Tyll it be spitted like a sprotte,
But the goodeman knoweth thereof no grott.
That paieth for all though that he be blynde
So that he his fille off fisshe may fynde
It suffiseth he seieth. No man will stele
Thus berdes been maade all daye full feele
With anglers and other gynnes over all,
There may no mans stiewe stonde seuerall,
Be it closed neuer so well abowte,
Therfor I stonde cliere out off doute,
Shall I never ponde wyth pykes store
Breame tenche. Perche neuer the moore.
But in rennyng ryvers that bee commone,
There will I fisshe and taake my fortune

Wyth nettys, and with angle hookys,
And laye weris and sprenteris in narrowe brookys,
Ffor loochis, and lampreyes, and good layk,
I will stele off no mans a strayke.
Ffor whoo so usith that lyff too, and too,
His fusteryng sothly is for doo.
Idrowned, on day peraventure sodeynly,
Taken to prison in povert dye.
And therfor lett true men liven in pays,
Stroye natt theire stiews, stele nat theire plays.
I see suche thynge afoore the eye
That dayly encresith save the severalte
Beeth wise and ware howe that ye wende
Ffor off false fisshyng commyth a fowle ende.
Therfor eschewe all suche prevy slaunders
Com there nat dayly out off fflaunders
Off ffat elys full many a showte?
And grete chepe whoso waiteth aboute,
But nowe men in deyntyes so hem delyte,
To feede them on tendre fisshes lyte,
As floundres, perches, and such pikyng waare,
I see no man that will gladly spaare
To suffre them wex unto theire age;
Theye shullen be endyted for suche damage,

And ete the olde fisshe, and leve the yonge,
Thought they moore towgh be uppon the tonge,
And the belyes not shewyng an ynche resett,
Yet savowre off sawce may make goode mete.
Late this yonge fisshe lyve till certayn yeres,
And payne us to fisshe oure olde weres,
But stynkkyng fisshe, and unsesonable,
Latt passe, and taake such as be able.
Spaare no man, but love no wast,
Beth well waare when ye feele such tast,
Ffor in fisshe ffatt is felt no boone,
But whoo that about suche game shulde goon,
Off governance he must have a name,
And suffre no man to fisshe in others game.

Ffistula dulce canit volucrem dum decipit auceps.

Ffull swetely sowneth the pipe, and syngith,
While the fowles with his deceyte bryngeth
The byrdes in to his ffalse craft,
Than som fowlyng wer goode to be lafte,
There may no mannes snares by other stande
No panteirs pight be water, nor by lande,
Where a comone ffowlyng hath ofte be sayne
In snowe, in ffrost, in hayle, and in rayne.
Theyr may no man ever his grennes keepe,
Ffor somtyme a mong a man must slepe,
And wayte on his game at certayne tyme,
Att noone, at nyght, or ellis at pryme;
To see iff any fowle be kyght,
As meny as be taken at that fflyght,
But than happeneth ofte that a nother,
A man is deceyved off his owne brother,
Nat levyng his lustys but folleweth the same,
And steleth away his ffelowes game,

And that the ffayrest and fattest of the fflokke
Enfeffyng his felowe with a more cok;
And seyth sothely, I haue grete mervayle
That thy panteirs catcheth no pullayle,
And I haue the ffayrest that euer thau felt,
But I trowe that thy grynnes been untelt,
Ellys to fieble, or to many folde,
Off queeres, or ells thy complexion is colde
That it makyth that all this fowle is myne,
Supposing that my baite is better than thyne;
Thou maiste see by all this store,
Here is i nowgh ffor me, and moche moore;
Taake off the best that is off myne,
And serue me the same another tyme,
He is a gloton that wolde haue all,
Ffor somtyme suffice shall.
A queynt is used, a quayle pipe,
In somer er the corne be ripe,
Ffollewyng the sowne sewyng his maake,
Tyll the byrde under the nett be taake,
And giltles been begiled in suche a wise,
But and ffishes and ffowles weren wyse,
They myght euermore lyven in pease,
Butt hungour it maketh wythouten leese,

And bayte suche as men for hem legge,
Whiche causeth them to be taake or they be flegge,
Wyth full meny kennys instrumentys.
A gentyll ffowle can make no defence.
Whan he is taake, save wrigge wyth the tayle a lite,
But pyes, and crowes, can bothe cracthe and bytee,
Kytes and bosardys, and suche boystous ffowles,
It commyth by kynde, and eke owlys,
It passith my witt in eny maner wise
The craft off ffisshyng and ffowlyng you to devyse.
Off ffisshyng, and fowlyng, I am to leere
But men that medlith off suche matter,
To fisshe, and fowle and ffayleth witte,
Knowing where ffowles are wont to sitt
Ffor their ffoode bothe day, and nyght,
To wayte what thyng comyth to theire sight
And flayen thise ffowles from thire place
Ffaarewell their sportis for lakk off grace,
Ffor a wylde ffowle that was neuer tame,
Is crafte to catche it in any game.
And whane they be caughte, to hold them fast,
yett but thowe please them whan they be past,
Thy panters, and playes, they will forsaake,
And to others byrdys playntes maake.

That all gentyll ffowles shall the lothe,
So may thowe leese thy game, and others bothe;
Thy lyme twiggis shall the litill avayle,
Thus unkonnyng may all craftis quayle.
Butt an olde ffowle that hath the snares escaped,
May cause many a fowle to be japed,
Whooso canne suche olde fowles please,
Ofte tyme in hungur it dooth grete ease;
But men nowe adayes been so lycorouse,
That fewe can lyve by stoore of howse,
As brawne, bacon, and powder beeff,
Suche lyvelod nowe is no man lieff,
But volatile venyson and her onsewes
So newefangle and nyce men been of thewes,
Moche medlett wyne men all day drynke,
I haue wyst wilde fowle sum tyme stynke;
Whan it is newe caught whoo can it knowe
Nat byt by lookyng and tastyng lowe?
And iff he ffynde so chafed that chaffre,
* That it late com out off the snare,
Yet this condycyon myght cause debate,
But men seen ofte that ffolke off symple estate,
Shall haue moche happe as in this arte,
Off partriches and plovers to haue theire part.

Whan lordys shall lakke and that is wronge,
But ffowlis syng thus in theire songe,
Where baite is best there will we abyde,
And love oure profyte for eny pride,
My soueraynes I yowe ensure,
Wyth ffisshynge and ffowlyng I may not endure,
My laste will shalle be ever moore,
Whan deyntees ffayle, to taake me to stoore
A mallard off the dung hill is good inought for me,
Wyth plesaunt pykill, ells it is poyson perde:
My stomak accordeth to every meete,
Save reresoupers I refuse lest I sorfette;
Gouernaunce is goode; who so it use can;
Piers of ffulham was a wele gouerned man,
He knewe the condition off every byrde,
There was no husbondry from hydde;
Off ffisshyng and ffowlyng he wolde nat fayle
But his enbatement were store on the tayle.
So usen his eyres get at this day
It is full harde bothe to pycche and paye;
An empty purse may evill accomptis yelde,
Therfor I will my panteris untield,
My gynnes, my japis, I will resigne
To ffellawes, and to ffrendys off myne,

That han ffeelyng in ffisshyng, and ffowlyng eke,
Ffor suche ffantesyes han maade me seeke;
By suche crafte may no man catche estate;
But he that laboreth bothe erly, and laate,
And therfor I gave up all my geere,
And pray yow that I may youre byrdys beere.
That office will serue me at the ffull,
To helpe ete them rost, or pulle,
It sufficyth wolld ye me so avaunce,
Ffor translated is all my plesaunce
Dyverse ffowles han dyverse tast!
A man may all day myshap for hast.
Hungur sparith no mete, though it be rawe,
Yet suche licouresnesse is nat worth a strawe
Thy stomak wyth corrupcion to encombre,
For all the leches from Dover to Humbre,
We myght save thy lyff so it myght happe;
Therfor in tyme tye up thy tryacle tappe.
Latt neuer to longe thy ffawcett renne,
Kepe allway some ynke in thy penne,
To write wyth thynge that berith charge,
Off thy litill lyveloode be nat to large,
Lest thow takke whan thou levest weere,
Whoso knoweth the so the needith nat to enquere.

But ofte tymes been ther bargaynes dryven,
And when ther is noon ernest gyven.
All is loste that thow hast goon abowte,
That is sothe this is no dowte.
A thryfty bargayn wold not be taryed
Whan it is maade but lightly caryed.
Into a certeyn place to receyve the paye
No lusshebornes, but money of ffyne assaye.
No nobles, nor groots, nor coyne iclypped,
But full payment, and no thynge over skypped.
A true payer may bargayne whan hym lyste,
But tollers off money been nat be tryste.
Ffor they token off that they shulde nat taake,
Off the marchaunt therfor they bee forsaake.
And that is becawse off covenantes brooken,
A man shulde nat contrary that his mowthe had
spoken.
And tyde tarieth no lenger than hym lyst
An hundred han been begiled wyth badde I wyst
Ffor southyn wyndys that som tyme blowe,
Makyn mastys to bowen and lye full lowe,
Ffor som havens wyll no anker holde,
The cablys crasen, and begynne to ffolde.
So myry, and so moyst is the grounde,
Than lakkyth the lyne wherewyth to sounde.

So is he begyled that stondith atte sterne,
Ffor the loodsman that shulde hem lerne,
Lakkyth brayne, and also the lanterne is out,
That what worde to sey, he is in doute,
Eyther warae the lof, or ells full and by
And so is he chased out off the chanell sodeynly.
Than is no helpe but strike sayle,
I knowe noon so redy a ryvaile,
As is the reedeclyff by this warine wose,
There mayst thow savely as I suppose,
Abyde for evry wynde, or storme that blowes,
Itt is an open haven that meny men knowes
And sielden been ther shippes seen goon to wrakk,
But in the lethy mastis lieth all the lakke
A man shulde his takle evene mesure,
After the vessel may endure,
Ffor as to rowe in a barge with a skull,
It avayleth nat but the ffloode be at the full
Ffor and iff the streme stande styff a gayne
Thanne all the laboure is loste in vayne.
A man must his course as it commyth abowte
An unredy rower shendith all the rowte
As well in ffisshyng as in other ffaare
Trouthe wolde that every man shulde sparre
His ffrendys game, and lyve in pays,
Stroy nat their stewes stele nat theire plays.

Here after follewyth the moralyte off this lytill processe in a fewe goode wordys. Iff any man and woman that hath a deuocyon to heire hit they shall haue peraventure for theire meede nat past C dayes of pardon.

Som men been so longe absent from their play
That other men come and take their game away
And therfor it is seid in wordys ffewe
How that longe absence is a shrewe.
Ffor loves myghty violence
Apalled is wyth longe absence,
And thus full ofte the game goth
That ffirst was lieff it makith lothe
For love stant in no certeyn
Off ffolke that been selden sayne.
And eke as I reherse can
The tyde off love abideth no man.
Looke theym that been ffurthest from the stronde
Whoo rowyth best commyth first to londe
Men rehersen in theire sawe,
Hard it is to stryve wyth wynde or wawe,

Whether it doo ebbe or ells fflowe
But who that in lovis boote doth rowe,
If that he to longe abide
To cast an anker at his tyde,
And fayleth off his lodemanage
To waite uppon a sure passage,
A tyme sett that he ne fayle
In diepe to maake his a ryvaile.
Whan the water is smothe, and stille,
Wher ther be no wyndys ille,
That contrarious will heve, and blowe,
To make his ryvaile to be knowe,
At Redeclyff on his sayle to shewe,
In suche a caas absence is a shrewe.
Absence haue well in mynde,
He settith ffeele folke ofte behynd,
And loveship goth ay to wrakke,
Where that presens is put a bakk,
But he that is off custom nye,
And off his porte queynt and slye,
That erst waslieff he makyth loth
That absent trustith uppon othe
Ffor men han seen here to fforne
That love laughith whan men been forsworn.

Lapwynk playnly it is no ffable,
In theire hartys been so unstable,
Whether they been olde or yonge off age,
Upon the tyde of theire coorage,
What thynge that commyth ffirst to hande,
Itt is welcom unto the stronde,
Off kynde they haue suche appetite,
Ffor to fullfyll theire delyte,
Whiche hath caused here to forne,
That many a man hath hadde an horne.
And unto suche myschieff fall,
That he unware hath loste his galle,
To make hym sure that he nat drowne,
Nor wyth sodayn wawis swonne,
Whyche as clerk ysdetermyn,
Is a parfite medycyne,
Bothe oon fresshe water, and on see,
That ffolke shall nat drowned be.
I meane hosbondys yong and olde,
That beren the name off a cookeold,
They be ensured from all suche rage,
Off maryners the fel passage,
Concludyng to speke in wordys fewe,
That longe absence is a shrewe.

Ffor thorowyth the yere som folke lyvyng
Han harde the cokcowe ffresshly syng,
In contreyes many moo than oon;
God save suche ffowlis euerychon
As lapwynkys and thise calmewes
That swymme on wawes whan it flowes,
And somtyme on the sondys goon,
That can maake and put a bone
In the hoodys off theire husbond;
Whan they been goon fer out of londe,
And can shewe theire goodely chiers
To knowen folke and to straungers,
Namely to folke that been datyeff,
They haue ther eyen vocatiff,
Theyr purses been callyd ablatiff,
That ffolke that be name genytiff,
An erbe is cause off all this rage
In oure tonge called culrage.

EXPLICIT PIERS OFF FFULHAM.

Here foloweth a good ensample of a lady that was in dyspeyre.

EX M.S.S.$_{to}$ FF. 2. 38. APUD BIBL: VNIV CANT.

Cryst that was crucyfyed for synners unkynde
  Gyf me very happe and tokyn in thys cas
To mene of thys matter that y of mynde
  Clenly to declare God graunt me hys grace
Y schall telle yow hyt was
  Of a lady that lyved in drede
Sche levyd nothyng in the masse
  That very God was in forme of bredd

(Various readings from M.S. Ff. 5. 48)

1 God that on the rode was rent,

2 Graunt me grace redely to know this case

3 To meve this mater I haue ment

4 Lerely to declare God gif me grace

5 I shal yow tell right as hir was

6 Off. lyved

7 She levyd not in that was hir gr[illegible]

8 Veray.

Sche had a lorde a gentyll knyght
  That loued wele hys God the sothe to say
The lady was in sorowe pyght
  Sche grevyd God false was hur lay.
Sche levyd nothyng that ys preste can say
  As clerkys in bookys can rede,
And for nothyng that men do may,
  That very God was in forme of bredd.

Hyt be felle at Estur day, after the lente,
  That every man to churche dud gone
To resceyve ther God in good
  All but the lady sche was yn none.

10 Levyd wel in god.
11 In syn I plight.
12 To greve hir god that was hir grace
13 She belevyd in no masse that she sawe
14 But wroght aftur the fendys rede
15 Deest and. cowd sey
16 Verray. formed in brede

17 On estur day aftur the lent
18 Every man to criste made his mon
19 Him in gode entent
20 And only that lady allon

Schc hydd the ooste on hur brest bon,
And bare hyt home to hur own stedd,
There gode devosyon had sche non,
That very God ys in forme of bredd.

There sche take that body bleste,
And in a kerchyt sche can hyt folde
And in hur forcer sche can hyne keste,
That same God that Judas solde.
And there sche kepyd that body dere,
And wroght aftur the fendys redd,
When that was paste halfe a yere
Very God in forme of bredd.

21 She had criste vndur hir brest bon
22 Hym. til.
23 Ffor gode beleve.
24 Is formed in brede.

25 She bare him home, &c.
26 Did.
27 Deest can.
28 The same body.
29 Deest and.
31 Till it was passed. zere.
32 That veray God was formed in brede.

Be thys alhalow tyde nyhed nere,
  The lady to hur forcer dud gon,
Sche beryed that body that sche put there
  Under a pere tree hur selfe allon;
In an erbere be syde hur halle,
  That feyre and grene can spryng and sprede,
In gode ensample schew y schall
  That very God ys in form of brede.

A ryall feste the knyghte can make,
  So worschypfully on crystymas day,
Of lordys and ladyes that wolde hyt take
  And knyghtes that were of gode array:

33 Tille alhalow day drew hym nere
34 Til hur forser she can goon
35 And ther she beryd that body dere
38 Began to groo.
39 Be this ensample.

41 Kyng.
42 Deest so.
44 And also knyghts.

An holy byschopp the knyght dyd pray
  So worschypfully to his own stedd
That levyd well in goddys fay
  That very God was in forme of bredd.

So they waschyd and yede to mete
  The byschop the grace did say
A squyer wyth owten lete
  Servyd them in gode array.
The squyer knelyd on hys knee
  And sayde lordyngs wyth owten drede
Blessyd must that lorde bee
  That ys very god in forme of brede.

45 Holy bisshoppis. can
46 Worshiply to be at mete.
47 He lovyd wel the sothe to sey
48 Is formed in.

49 When they had wasshene and wene set
50 Worthely grace thei can sey
53 Down on knees he hym sett
55 Here is a peyre tre semely and gret
56 And fayre blomys began to sprede

Herkenyth now all wele to me (*a*)
And of my carpyng takyth gode hede,
Hyt ys a semely syght to see
Thys day a pere tre be gynyth to spredd.
A fayer syght may no man see
The blossomys be bothe whyte and redd
Thorow hys myght that dyed on tre
Very God in forme of bredd.

The seconde cours came in full sone
Wyth grete myrthe and solempnyte
The lady dredd sche had wysdom
Anon when sche the pere true see.
Often sche stodyed in hur thought
And in hur hert sche had grete dredd
And sayde to her selfe sche had myswrogt
Ageyn hur God in forme of bredd.

The thyrdd cours come in y wene
Ffull ryally in to the halle
Be this the pere tre was growen all grene
Wyth perys rype and downe can falle.

(*a*) 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. desunt in M.S. Ff. 5. 48.
67 The lady thozt she hade mysdon
68 Can se.

Thys tydyngs had bothe grete and small
  Ffor fayrer fruyt was nevyr in lede
Thorow hys myght that boght us all
  Very God in forme of brede.

Breke a braunche the byschop seyde
  Of that fruyt that ys comen thorow godds grace;
A squyer brake a bogh wyth grete breydd
  Kyt bledd on hym bothe honde and face;
The squyer sykyd, and seyde allas
  Upon hym bledd the blode so redd,
Ffor he was beryed in that place,
  Very God in forme of bredd.

78 Ffayrer was neuer with outen drede
79 Vertew of hym
80 That veray, &c.



81 Breke vs.
82 Deest fruyt owyn.
83 Brake a braunch of the tre.
84 The blode ran.
85, 86, 87, 88. desunt in M.S. Ff. 5.

The byschop start ouyr the tabull anon
  And hydd to the pere tre that syghte to see
To īhu cryst he had a boon
  Ffayre knelyng on hys knee.
He sett the braunches ageyn to the tre,
  Hyt grewe to the tre wyth outen drede
By all gode sample men may see
  That very God is in forme of brede.

The byschop made to delue down to the rote
  And put ther to hys men anon.
And found in a * * * * * * * *
  A blessyd chylde formyd in blode and bon.

89 Rose fro the bord anon.
90 And presed the sirt to se.
91 To myghtfull god he made his mon
92 Fful fayre.
93 Deest agayn.
94 Hit closed ageyn long and brede.
95 Be this insampull ze may se.
96 Formed in brede.

97 Thei reised the erth fro the rote
98 Thei sowzt on sadly eury chon
99 Ther thei fond the fode
100 A welfayre childe of flesh and bon

He lokyd on the pere tre, the fryt was gon
  Thechylde turnyd hym abowte wyth wounds redd,
And blessyd the pepull euery chon
  God that was before in forme of bredd.

The lady syked, and sayde, allas!
  Into the worlde that sche was wroght,
The chylde turnyd awey his face,
  To loke on that lady wolde he noȝht.
Schriste of the byschop the lady besought
  I have greuyd my god in worde and dede
The byschop seydd thou haste myswroght
  A geyn thy God in forme of brede.

The byschop * * in that stounde
  And seyde woman wythowten drede,
In bitter balys thou arte bounde
  Schryve the wele thus y the rede.

101 v. 103 comes before 101 in M.S. Ff. 5. 48, but the M.S. is illegible on account of the damp it has sustained.

106 When she was forth brozt

108 The lady se wolde he not.

109 Souzt.

110 And in hir hert she began to drede

112 The lorde in forme of brede.

v. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 112. 120. desunt in M.S. Ff. 5. 48.

And thynk on hym that dyed on tre
  And for us all hys blode hath schedde
Here thy selfe the sothe may see
  That very God ys in forme of bredd.

The byschop reveschyd hym in holynes
  And bare that blessyd body to an autere
Wyth holy wordys in to bredd he can hym dresse
  And there he * * that lade dere.
Sche resceyuyd hur god then
  That for vs all hys blode hath schedd,
I take wytnesse of god and man
  That very god ys in forme of bredd.

God as thou dyed on the rode
  Ffor me, and yow, and al mankyde,
And boght vs wyth hys precyovs blode
  Thou haue vs euyr in thy mynde.

121 Armed him in his surplese.
122 And to the awter he hym bare.
123 In forme of bred he can hym dresse.
124 Hous.

v. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. desunt in M.S. Ff. 5. 48.

Mary modur that art so honde!
  Saue us fro the fendys redd,
And geve vs grace when we haue wonde
  To resceyve God in forme of bredd.

A BALLAD.

(EX M.S.S.to FF. 2. 38. APUD BIBL: VNIV. CANT.)

Now of this feest telle I can
I trow as wel as any man
Be est or be west,
Ffor ouer alle in ilke aschire
I am send for as a sire
To ilke a gret fest.

Ffor in ferth ther was on
Sich on saw I neuer non
In Inglond ne in Fraunce.
Ffor they hade I the maistry
Of alle maner of curry
Sith then was myschaunce.

Ther was meyts wel dizt
Well sesoned to the right
Off rost, and of sew,

Ther was meyts to heuen
That were a maistre al to weren
But sum I con you.

Ther was pestels in pozra
And laduls in rozra
Ffor pord * * * * *
And somer saduls in sewys
And mashefatts in mortrewys
Ffor ther to * * * * * * * * *

Ther was plente of ale
To theym that were in halle,
To lasse and to more
Ther was gryndulstones in graly
And mylstones in mawmany
And al this was thore.

But zet lett thei for no costs
Ffor in euery mylus posts
iij in a disshe
And bell clapurs in blawndisare
With a nobull cury
Ffor tho that ete no fissh.

Then come in iordans in iussall
Als red as any russall
Come ther among,
And blobsterdis in white sorre
Was of a nobull curry
With spicery strong.

Ther come chese crustis in charlett
As red as any scarlett
With ruban in vise;
Certis of alle the festis
That euer I saw in gestis
This may ber the prise.

Ther was costrell in cambys
And capuls in cullys
With blandamete in dorde
The nedur lippe of a larke
Was broght in a muk cart
And set be for the lorde.

Then come in stedis of Spayn
With the brute of Almayne
With palfrayes in paste

* * * * dongesterks in doralle
Was forsed wele with charcoal
But certis that was wast.

Then came in the fruture
With a nobull savoure
With fetur loks fried,
And alle the cart whelis of Kent
With stonys of the payment
Fful wel were thei tried.

Then come in a horshed
In the sted of french brede
With alle the riche hide,
Now hade I not ther seen
Side of sow wold wene
Fful lowde that I lyed.

Then came in the kydde
Dressyd in a horse syde
That abyl was to lese,
iii yron harows
And many whele barowes
In the stid of new chese.

When they had drawen the borde
Then seid Perkyn a worde
Hymself to avownce,
Syn we haue made gode chere
I zed ilke man in fere
Goo dresse hym to a downce.

There ze myght se a mery sight
When thei were sammen knytte
Without any fayle,
They did but ran ersward
And ilke a man went bakward
Topper ouer tayle.

Tybbe were full tharre of hert
As sche dawnsid she latt a fart
Ffor sich * *
Now sirris for your curtesy
Take this for no vilany
But ilke man crye. * *

Off this fest can I no more
But certes thei made ham mery thore
Whil the day wold last,

Zet myght thei not alle in fere
Haue eton the meytis I reckond here
But theire bodys had brast.

EXPLIC^r. FF. * * * * *

A TALE

OF THE UNNATURAL DAUGHTER.

EX M.M.S.to FF. 5. 48. APUD BIBL: VNIV: CANT:

HERKYNS now bothe more and lasse
I wille yow telle of a heuy casse
Listyns I wille yow telle,
If ze this tale wille here
Sum gode therein ze mow lere
At home if ze wille dwelle.

Ther was a man of mycall mayne
In the bisshope riche of Wyan
Riche of londe and ledis,
He hade a wyfe gentill, and fre,
The best woman that myzt be
And fulle of almys dedis.

A douzter they had betwen hem twoo
The fayrest that myzt on erth goo,

Made of flesshe and blode
A fulle harde grace was hir lentte
Er she owt of this worde wentte
And alle hit turned to gode.

Sech dedis hade she wrouzt
In dedly synne she was brouzt
In wan hope without bote,
Such a grace was hir lent
That she come to mendment
God graunte that we so mowzte.

The fende of hell agayn skyll
Put on hir a harde wille
Hur fadurs luf to wynne,
And also temped was that man
His owne douzter for to tan
To do a dedly synne.

The fende temped hym on a day
The mayden came the sothe to say
In a preve stede,
Hur fadur prayed hir of luf derne
And she wolde hym not werne
Thorow the fendis rede.

The fadur with his douzter did his wille
They zede togedur priuely and stille
Thei were wonder wylde,
In holy churche as clerks fynde
On his douztur a gayn kynde,
Ther he gate a knave childe.

Zet thei wolde not of that blynne
But lyved forth in dedly synne
In romans as we rede,
Holy churche berys wytnesse sadde
Thre knave children be hym she hadde
And alle she put to dede.

So preuely to gedur thei wrouzt
That no man perceyued hem nouzt
Wher aboute thei zede,
Vpon a day hir modur con gon
Ffulle preuely hir self allon
And fonde hem in this dede.

Alasse she seid that ze were borne
Fful wele I wot ze ar for lorne
Ze ar the deuels of hell,

Alasse he seyde now am I woo
I wot she wille be wrye vs too
Gret sorow con he make,
Nay seid his douztur so mo I the,
So shalle hit not be
And I may hir euer take.

Thorow the deuels notiesment
Aftur hir modur she went
Euen into the halle,
A knyfe in hir hande she hent ful smerte
And smote hir modur to the herte
That ded down can she fall.

When that synfull dede was done
They toke the body vp sone
And leyde hit in a cheste,
And beryd the cors with bothe her rede
As she sodenly hade be ded
That no man odur wiste.

Zet wolde thei not lese her foly
But lyued forth in lechory
Be day and eke be nyzt,

Alle on aday to church he went
With goode will and gode intent
Thorow the grace of god almyzt.

He be thouzt hym and vnder stode
In how synfull life he zede
His synnes he wolde for sake,
And if he myzt haue legeans
Ffor his synnes to do penans
Schrifte He thouzt to take.

When folke out of the kyrk wer gon
The man folowed the preest anon
Stille withowte strife,
He tolde the preest his synnes ychon
How he and his douztur had don
And alle was holden her life

The preest seid hast thou gode wille
Ffor they synne thou has don ille
Schrifte for to take,
Thou shalt not be thy douztur lye
Nor touche hir with no vilany
Thy synnes thou most for sake.

If thou thy penaunce wilt undurstonde
Thou most in to the holy londe
Where God was whik and dede,
Zis for sothe seid he
If my life wille last me
I wille do aftur thy rede.

When he was schryven of his synnes
He went hom vn to his innes
Wher his douztur was,
His douztur hade his meyte made
She bade hur fadur make hym glade
And made hym fayre solace.

Go way douztur sich thyng
I wille no more of thy playng
At mete nor at mele
My synnes I haue forsake.

She seid fudur wyckud man
Haste thou tolde the prest our synnes ychan
Ffull ille thou shalt hit like,
Thou made me furst my thre childur to sloo
And my dere modur also
To the herte for to smyte.

Thou wotte well that hit is soo
And othur gatis hit shall goo
Er to morne at pryme,
Thou hast me brouzt in to this ille
And I shalle ful wel haue my will
When I se my tyme.

When it was tyme of the nyzt
The gode man was to bed dizt
His rest for to take,
The gode man thouzt when hit was day
In pilgremage to wende his way
Ffor his synnes sake.

Thorow the fendis intisyng
The douztur thouzt anodur thyng
Hir fadur for to sloo,
When hir fadur on slepe was
She hyed to hym a gret pas
And karve his hart in twoo.

When she hade don as I yow tell
Ther wolde she no longur dwell
But she busvet hir son to gon,

She zede into a fer cuntre
There no man knew hir pryuete
Nor fro what stid she come.

She toke tresur as I yow swere
Also mycull as she myzt bere
And other felawes thre,
Thei went out of that towne
To a borow of gret renowne
And ther wonned in that cuntre.

They spend it ther full fast
Whil that her gode wold last
In gret honoure and in pride,
Men of that cuntre as I yow say
Comyn thidur with hir to play
A bowte on ilke aside.

She was fair woman in alle thynge
She gaf to lechory hir likyng
And of hir life not to mende,
She hopid neuer heuen to wynne
Ffor the synne that she was in
But helle withowt ende

Alle wyckud men that wer fals
Thei came to hur stolis
She helde mony and fell,
She for soke nouther preest nor clerke
Nor non that lechory wolde worke
That wolde with hur dwelle.

So be fell thorow goddis sonde
The bisshop that was of that londe
Preechid in that cite,
Alle gode men of that towne
Come to his predicacion
Hym to herkyn and se.

But that synfull woman
With hir felows euerychon
Lafte stille in that strete,
Sory was she that ilke day
That no man with hir wold play
Siluer myzt she non gete.

Tille hur felowes she seide
To the church go we I rede
As swythe as we may,

Ther may we sum zangman fynde
That is both curtesse and kynde
That wille with vs play.

Thorow the grace of God almyzt
That is mercifull to euery wyzt
And thruz his modur mary,
The holy bisshop that ther stode
Prechid wordis bothe fayre and gode
On hir he cast his ee.

Ffoure fendis se he
Hongyng fast aboute hir
And with chenys hir ledde,
In to the kyrke con thei gon
The bisshop saw the fendis ilkon
Ther of wondur he hade.

About her nek a coler strong
Ffendis led hir with arrable song
Be hynde and zeke before,
The bisshop wist wel be than
That synfull was that woman
Ffor hir he siked sore,

She putte to a squyer and on hym loogh
And hym be the slefe she drowgh
And other of hir felaws also,
He bade hir go away
Hit was apon agode friday
With hir thei wolde not goo.

The bisshop lokid and saw all this
Sore in hert he was I wys
When he lokid hur vntill,
The fende he thouzt to wreke
Off goddis mercy cowde he speke
Bothe lowde and stille.

Thorow the grace of God almyzt
A worde in to hir body lizt
That the bisshop speke,
Terys fell hir een froo
Down on hir brest cowth thir goo
Hur colars thei alto breke.

Ffyndes that be the armes hur ladde
The chenys breke away thei fledde
They durst no longur abide,

She hade gret sorow with alle
Vpon hir brest terys cowth downe fall
Ffaste on ilke aside.

She sette hir down vpon hir kne
And prayed to god in trinite
Such grace she can hym crave,
Bisshop she seid what may this be
Alle day thou hast spoken of me
And here thou may me haue.

I haue done the grettist synne
That any woman may be in
Agaynes god and his seynts ychan,
With my fadur I haue don foly
Thre children I had hym by
And I haue hem all sloon.

My modur I slow with a knyf also
And karve my fadurs hert in twoo
Ffor sorow alasse I crye,
Bisshop she seid if thy wil be
Howfil and schrifte for charite
Ffor sorow now I dye.*

The bisshop seyd anon ryzt
Abide woman in that tizt
Tille my sirmonde be done,
She swonyd and fel downe there
So ful she was of sorow and care
To berst hir hert began.

The bisshop saw she likid ille
He bade the folke sitte stille
And some tille hir he start,
Vpon hir fast con he call
And she was ded among hem alle
The bisshop was sory in hert.

He bade the folke that ther ware
Ffalle on knees withowten mare
A prayer for to make,
That god graunte the askyng of this
Whedur hir soule be in heuen blisse
Or to helle take.

When thei hade made theire oryson
A voyce came fro heuen down
That alle men myzt here,

And seid the soule of the synfull wyzt
Is wonnen into heuen bright
To ihu lefe and dere.

The voyce seid to the bisshop right
Asoyle the body with alle thy myght
And bery hit in a graue.
Alle if it did gret foly
With rufull hert hit cryed mercy
God graunt that hit shuld haue.

Gode men I warne alle
That ze in no wan hope falle
Zif ze haue don gret synne,
Ffor thynk hit sore and crye mercy
Were hit neuer so gret foly
And zet shalle ze heuon wynne

FFINITUR FABULA.

THE MOURNING OF THE HARE.

(EX M.S.S.[to] PF. 5, 48. APUD BIBL: VNIV: CANT.)

FFER in frithe as I can fare
  My selfe syzand allone
I herd the mournyng of an hare
  Thus delfully she made her mone.

She seid alas how shuld I lyfe
  Er thus my life to lede in lond
Ffro dale to downe I am dryfe
  I wot not quedur I may sit or stond.

These hunters they wille here no masse
  In hope of huntyng for to wende
They coupill her houndis both more and lesse
    And drife me to the felds end.

Rachis rennyng on euery side
 Be falowe before me for to fynde,
These hunters will on her horses ride
 And cast the cuntre with the wynde.

When they loken toward me
 I loke asyde I herke full lowe
The furste man that me may see
 Anon he cryes, "*se howe, se howe."

Lo he seith here sitts an hare
 Rise vp wat and goo be lyve
Then with my cull sorow and care
 Vnneth I may scape with my lyve.

Thus I am in turnament
 Be woode, be way, be more, be mede,
And other while my tayle is rent
 Alle day thus my life I leede.

In wyntur in the depe snowe
 On euery side the wil me trace
Be my steppys they wil me knowe
 And seven me fro place to place.

Thow I me to townward drawe
  Andur to lurke or to leyke
The wyves wil out me drawe
  And dere me with her doggus grete.

I dar not sit to croppe on hawe
  And the wyves be in the way
Anon she swerith be cocks mawe
  Ther is a stoute hare in hir hay.

Smertly then she callis a knave
  Fful he hopeth wher I sitte
He cometh stalkyng be hynde me with grafe
  Fful wel he troweth me to hitt.

Then thei haue doggus grete
  Aftur me thei bid hem goo
And as aswyne thei wil me bete
  Then thei crye goo dogge goo.

Go bet wat with crysts curse
  The next tyme thou shal be take
I have a hare pype in my purse
  That shall be set watte for thy sake.

The next tyme thou comes ther in
  Be my crowthe I the be hete
Tho thou throwe the hege ren
  Thou shall be hongut be the throte.

Thus I droupe I drede my deth
  Alas I dye long or my day,
Ffor welle and woo a way it gothe
  And this word hit wends away.

A TALE OF A FATHER AND HIS SON.

(EX M.S.S.[to] FF. 5-48. APUD BIBL: VNIV. CANT.)

MAN for thy myschif thou the amend
  And to my talkyng thou take gode hede
Ffro vij dedly synnes thou the defende
  The lest of alle is for to drede.

Ffor of the lest I will now speke
  Ffor soule hele I wil you tech,
Thynk no man god will hym wreke
  Of hym that is cause of spouse breke.

The furst sacrament that euer god made
  That was wedlok in gode fay
Leve you hit with outen drede
  Ffor last hit shall till domesday.

Ffor his bonde we may not breke
His owne worde and we wil holde
Til deth cum that alle shall wreke
And vs alle in clay to folde.

The grettist kyng of all this worlde
Be sum cause his crowne may for gon
I take witnesse of kyng Richard
Off kyng Sother and king Absolon.

And king Dauid that made the sauter boke
Ffor syn he did with Barsabe
Criste fro hym his crown he toke
Thus holy writte tellis me.

The grettist clerk that euer thou seest
To take hym vndur heuyn cope
He may neuer take ordur of preest
But he haue licens of the pope.

And he begetan in a voutre
Or ellis a bastarde and he be borne
This cause I tell wel for the
The ordur of preest he has 'orne.

And the beggar that is so pore
  To him wedlok is as fre
As to the riallest kyng of kynde thore
  Ffor alle is but on dignite.

Man if thou wist what hit were
  To take a nothur then thy wyfe
Thou woldest rather suffir here
  To be quyk slayn with a knyfe.

For if thou take a nothur mannes wife
  A wrong eyre thou most nedis gete
And thus thou bryngis thre soulis in stryfe
  In hell fire to ly and hete.

But wrecches thynken in her hert
  That felis hem gitty in this case
With schrifte of mouthe and penans smert
  They wene their blisse for to unbras.

But and thei dye a soden dethes
  Withouten schrifte or penans
To hell thei gon with outen les
  Ffor thei can chese no nothur chaunce.

A gode insampull I will yow telle
To my talke if ze take hede
In fele moneth this cas be felle
Thirty wyntur syn the dede.

Ther dwellid ij brethren in a towne
Be on fadur and modur getan and borne
Squyers thei were of gret renowne
So the story tellis me beforne.

The eldur brothur had a wyfe
The fayrest woman in alle this londe
And zet he vsed a cursed life
And brozt his soule in bittur bonde.

He rougt not what woman he toke
So litull he set be his spouse hede
Till the deuall cauzt hym in his croke
And with gret myschefe merkyd his mede.

The ij bredur vpon a day
With enmys wer slayn in saght
The eldur to helle toke the way
The zongur to paradys braght.

And this was knowen in sothnesse
  Herkyn sirres what I wil say
Takis gode hede both more and lesse
  Ffor goddis luff berys this tale awey.

The elder brothur had a son was a clerke
  Wel of xv wyntur of age
He was wytty and holy in werke
  To hym shulde falle the heritage.

Ffor his fadur he made gret mone
  As fallis to a gode childe euer of kynde
Euery nyzt to his fadur graf wold he gon
  To haue his saule in speciall mynde.

Thus he prayed bothe day and nyght
  To god and to his modur dere
Off his fadur to haue a sight
  To wote in what place that he were.

The childe that was so nobul and wyse
  Stode at his fadurs grafe at eve
Ther com on in a qwyte surplisse
  And pryuely toke him be the slefe.

Come on childe and go with me
  God has herd thy prayere
Child thy fadur thou shall se
  Wher he brennys in hell fyre.

He led hym till a cumly hill
  The erth opeynd in thei gede
Smoke and fyre ther can out well
  And mony gests gloyng on glede.

Ther he saw many a sore torment
  How sowlis were put in gret paynyng
He saw his fadur how he brent
  And be the memburs how he hyng.

Ffendis bolde with hokis kene
  Rent his body lith fro lith
Childe thou cometh thy fadur to sene
  Loke up now and speke hym with.

Alas fadur how stondis this cas
  That ze be in the peynes strong
Son he seid I may sey alas
  That euer I did thy modur wrong.

Ffor she was bothe feyre and gode
  And also bothe trusty and trew
Alas I was worse then wode
  Myne owne bale ther did I brew.

Ffadur is ther any seynt in heuen
  That ze were wont to haue in mynde
That myzt yow lifte out of this peyne
  Oure lady mary or sum gode frende.

Son alle the seynts that be in heyuen
  Nor alle the angels vndur the trinite
On here breyde out of this peyne
  Thei haue no pouer to lift me.

Son if euery grosse were a preest
  That growes vpon goddis grouude
Off the penance that thou me seest
  Can neuer make me vn bonde.

Son thou shalt be a preest I wot hit wele
  Onys or this day setion zere
At masse matyns mete nor mele
  Thou take me neuer in thy prayere.

Loke son thou do as I sey the
  Therfore I warne the wol before
Ffor euer the longur thou prayes for me
  My peynes shall be more and more.

Ffare wele he seid my dere sone
  The fadur of heuyn be teche I the
And warn euery man wher for thou come
  Off wedlok brekyng war to be.

The angel be gan the childe to lede
  Sone out of that wreched won
In to a forest was fayre in brede
  The son was vp and brizt hit shone.

He led hym to a fayre erber
  The zatis were of clen cristall
To his sizt wer passyng fayre
  And brizt as any beriall

The wallis semyd of gold brizt
  With durris and with toures strong
They herd vpon the zatis on heght
  Mynstralsy and the angel song

The pellican and the popyniay
The tornor and the turtil trew
A hundirth thousand vpon hy
The nyztyngale with notis new.

On a grene hill he saw a tre
The sauor of hit was strong and storc
Pale hit was and wan of ble
Lost hit hade both frute and floure.

A rufull sizt that childe can se
And of that sizt he hade gret drede
A dere lady how may this be
The blode of this tre bled is so rede.

The angel seid this is the tre
That god adam the frute forbede
And therfore dryvon owt was he
And in the erth his life he lede.

Ffor in the same place that thou seest hit blede
Grew the appull that adam bote
And that was thorow Evys rede
And the deuoll of hell wol I wot.

When any synfull comys her in
As thou seest now her childe with me

Ffor vengeans of that cursed synne
The blode wil ren out of this tre.

He led hym forth vpon the pleyne
He was war of a pynapull pizt
Sechan had hc neuer seyne
Off clothes of gold burnysshed brizt.

Ther vndur sate a creature
As brizt as any son beme
And angels did hym gret honoure
Lo childe he seid this is thy neme.

Thy fadur brothur thou may sene
In heuen blisse with outen ende
So myzt thy fadur haue bene
And he to wedlok had be kynde

But perfor he has geton hym helle
Endlesse in that depe doman
Ther euer more for to dwell
Ffor fro that place is no redempcion

Man for thy myschif thou the amende
And thou may sit al safe fro care
Ffro dedly synne thou the defende
And streght to blisse the saule shall fare.

A TALE OF ROBIN HOOD.

EX M.S.to FF. 5. 48. ASSERVATO APUD BIBL : VNIV : CANT.

IN somer when the shawes be sheyn
  And leves be large and long
Hit is full mery in feyre foreste
  To here the foulys song.

To se the dere draw to the dale
  And leve the hilles hee
And shadow hem in the leves grene
  Vndur the grene wode tre.

Hit befell on whitsontide
  Erly in a may mornyng
The son vp fayre can shyne
  And the briddis mery can syng.

This is a mery mornyng seid litull John
Be hym that dyed on tre
A more mery man then I am one
Lyves not in cristiante.

Pluk vp thy hert my dere mayster
Litull John can sey
And thynk hit is a full fayre tyme
In a mornyng of may.

Ze on thyng greves me seid Robyn
And does my hert mych woo
That I may not no solem day
To mas nor matyns goo.

Hit is a fourtnet and more sayd hee,
Syn I my sauyoer see
To day will I to Notyngham seid Robyn
With the myght of mylde marye.

Then spake moche thē myluer sun
Euer more wel hym be tyde
Take xii of thy wyght zemen
Well weppynd be ther side.

Such on wolde thy selfe slon
  That xii dar not abyde
Off all my mery men seid Robyn
  Be my feith I wil non haue.

But litull John shall beyre my bow
  Til that me list to drawe
Thou shall beyre thin own seid litull Jon
  Maister & I wil beyre myne
And we wille shete a peny seid litull Jon
  Vnder the grene wode lync.

I wil not shete a peny seyde Robyn Hode
  In feith litull John with thee
But euer for on as thou shetis seid Robyn
  In feith I holde the thre.

Thus shet thei forth these zemen too
  Bothe at buske and brome
Til litull John wan of his maistre
  V s. to hose and shone.

A ferly strife fel them be twene
  As they went bi the way
Litull John seid he had won v shyllyngs
  And Robyn hode seid schortly nay.

With that lyed Robyn hode lyed litul Jon
And smote hym with his hande
Litul John waxed wroth ther with
And pulled out his bright bronde.

Were thou not my maister seid litull John
Thou shuldis byhit ful sore
Get the a man where thou wilt Robyn
For thou getis me no more.

Then Robyn goes to Notyngham
Hym selfe mornyng allon
And litull John to mery Scherewode
The pathes he knowe alkone.

Whan Robyn came to Notyngham
Sertanly with outen layne
He prayed to god and myld mary
To bring hym out saue agayne.

He gos in to seynt mary chirch
And knelyd down be fore the rode
Alle that euer were the church with in
Be held wel Robyn hode.

Be side hym stode a gret hedid monk
  I pray to God woo he be
Fful sone he knew gode Robyn
  As sone as he hym se.

Out at the durre he rann
  Fful sone and anon
Alle the zatis of Notyngham
  He made to be sparred euerychon.

Rise up he seid thou prowde schereff
  Buske the and make the bowne
I have spyed the kyngs felon
  Ffor sothe he is in the town.

I haue spyed the false felon
  As he stonds at his masse
Hit is long of the seide the munke
  And euer he fro vs passe.

This traytur name is Robyn hode
  Vnder the grene wode lynde
He robbyt me onys of a C pound
  Hit shalle neuer out of my mynde.

Vp then rose this prowd schereff
  And zade towarde hem zare
Many was the moder son
  To the kyzk with hym can fare.

In at the durres thei throly thrast
  With staves ful gode ilkone
Alas alas seid Robyn hode ·
  Now mysse I litull John.

But Robyn toke out a too hond sworde
  That hangit down be his kne
Ther is the schereff and his men stode thyckust
  Thidurward wold he.

Thryes thorow at then he ran
  Then for sothe as I yow say
And woundyt many a moder sone
  And xii he slew that day.

Hys sworde vpon the schireff hed
  Sertanly he brake in-too
The smyth that the made seid Robyn
  I pray to God wyrke hym woo.

Ffor now am I weppynlesse seid Robyn
  Alasse agayn my wyll
But if I may fle these traytors fro
  I wot thei wil me kyll.

Robyns men to the churche ran
  Thro out hem * * ilkon
Sum fel in swonyng as thei were dede
  And lay still as any stone.

* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * *

Non of theym were in her mynde
  But only litull Jon

Let be your rule seid litull Jon
  Ffor his luf that dyed on tre
Ze that shulde be duzty mon
  Hit is gret shame to se.

Oure maister has bene hard by stode
  And zet scapyd a way
Pluk up your herts and leve this mone
  And herkyn what I shal say.

He has seruyd our ladie many a day
  And zet wil securly
Ther fore I trust in her specially
  No wycked deth shal he dye.

Therfore be glad seid litull John
  And let this mournyng be
And I shall be the munkis gyde
  With the myght of mylde marye.

And I mete hym seid litull John
  We will go but we too
* * * * * * * * *
  * * * * * * * *

Loke that ze kepe wel youre tristil tre
  Vnder the levys smale
And spare non of this venyson
  That gose in thys vale.

Fforthe thei went these zemen too
  Litul John and moche on fere
And lokid on moch emys hows
  The hye way lay full nere.

Litul iohn stode at a window in the mornyng
  And lokid ferth at astage
He was war wher the munke came ridyng
  And wyth hym a litul page.

Be my feith seid litul John to moch
  I can the tel tithyng ys gode
I se wher the munk comes rydyng
  I know hym be his wyde hode.

Thei went into the way these zemen bothe
  As curtes men and hende
Thei spyrred tithyngus to the munke
  As thei hade bene his frende.

Ffro whens come ze seid litul John
  Tel vs tithyngus I yow pray
Off a false outlay
  Was takyn zisturday.

He robbyt me and my felowes bothe
  Of xx marks in serten
If that false outlay be takyn
  Ffor sothe we wolde be fayn.

So did he me seid the munke
  Of a C pound and more
I layde furst hande hym upon
  Ze may thanke me therfore.

I pray god thanke yow seid litull John
  And we wil when we may
We wil go with yow with your leve
  And bryng you on your way.

Ffor Robyn hode hase many a wilde felow
  I tell yow in certen
If thei wist ze rode this way
  In feith ze shulde be slayn.

As thei went talkyng be the way
  The munke and litull John
John toke the munks horse be the hede
  Fful sone and anon.

John toke the munks horse be the hed
  Ffor sothe as I yow say
So did much the litull page
  Ffor he shulde not stirre away.

Be the golett of the hode
  John pulled the munke down
John was nothyng of hym agast
  He lete hym falle on his crown.

Litull John was so agrevyd
  And drew owt his swerde in hye
The munke saw he shulde be ded
  Lowd mercy can he crye.

He was my maistur seid litull John
  That thou hase browzt in bale
Shalle thou neuer cum at oure kyng
  Ffor to telle hym tale.

John smote of the munks hed
  No longer wolde he dwell
So did moch the litull page
  Ffor ferd lest he wold tell.

Ther thei beryed hem both
  In nouther mosse nor lyng
And litull John and moch in fere
  Bare the letters to oure kyng.

He kneled down vpon his kne
God zow saue my lege lorde
Ihū yow saue and se.

God yow saue my lege kyng
To speke John was fulle bolde
He gaf hym the letturs in his hond
The kyng did hit unfold.

The kyng red the letturs anon
And seid so mot I the
Ther was neur zoman in inglond
I longut so sore to see.

Wher is the munke that these shuld haue browzt
Oure kyng can say
Be my trouth seid litull Jon
He dyed aftur the way.

The kyng gaf moch and litul Jon
xx pound in sertan
And made them zemen of the crown
And bade them go agayn.

He gaf John the seel in hand
  The scheref for to bere
To bryng Robyn hym to
  And no man do hym dere.

John toke his leve at oure kyng
  The soth as I yow say
The next way to Notyngham
  To take he zede the way.

Whan John came to Notyngham
  The zatis were sparred ychon
John callid vp the porter
  He answerid sone anon.

What is the cause seid litull John
  Thou sparris the zates so fast
Because of Robyn hode seid porter
  In depe prison is cast.

John and moch and wyll scathlok
  Ffor sothe as I yow say
Thir slew oure men vpon oure wallis
  And sawten vs euery day.

Zitul John spyrred aftur the schereff
And sone he hym fonde
He oppyned the kyngus prive seell
And gaf hym in his honde.

When the schereff saw the kyngus seell
He did of his hode anon
Wher is the munk that bore the letturs
He seid to litull John.

He is so fayn of hym seid litull John
Ffor sothe as I yow sey
He has made hym abot of westmynster
A lorde of that abbay.

The scheref made John gode chere
And gaf hym wine of the best
At nyzt thei went to her bedde
And euery man to his vest.

When the schereff was on slepe
Dronken of wine and ale
Litul John and moch for sothe
Toke the way vn to the dale.

Litul John callid vp the jayler
  And badc hym rise anon,
He seid Robyn hode had brokyn preson
  And out of hit was gon.

The porter rose anon sertan
  As sone as he herd John calle,
Litul John was redy with a swerd
  And bare hym to the walle.

Now will I be porter seid litul John
  And take the keyes in honde,
He toke the way to Robyn hode
  And sone he hym vnbonde.

He gaf hym a gode swerde in his hond
  His hed with for to kepe
And ther as the walle was lowyst
  Anon down can thei lepe.

Be that the cok began to crow
  The day began to spryng
The scheref fond the jayler ded
  The comyn bell made he ryng,

He made a crye thoro' owt al the town
Whedur he be zoman or knave
That cowthe bryng hym Robyn hode
His warison he shulde haue.

Ffor I dar neuer said the scheref
Cum be fore oure kyng
Ffor if I do I wot sertan
Ffor sothe ne wil me heng.

The scheref made to seke Notyngham
Bothe be strete and stye,
And Robyn was in mery scherwode
As lizt as lef on lynde.

Then be spake gode litull John
To Robyn hode can he say,
I haue done the agode turne for an euyll
Quyte the when thou may.

I haue done the agode turne, said litull John,
Ffor sothe as I you saw,
I haue brouzt the vnder grene wode lyne
Ffare wel and haue gode day.

Nay be my trouthe, seid Robyn hode
So shall hit neuer be,
I make the maister seid Robyn hode
Of alle my men and me.

Nay be my trouth, seid litull John,
So shall hit neuer be,
But lat me be afelow seid litull John
No noder kepe I be.

Thus John gate robyn hode out of presan
Sertan with outyn layn,
When his men saw hym hol and sounde
Ffor sothe they were ful fayne.

They filled in wyne, and made him glade
Vnder the levys smale,
And zete pastes of venysan
That gode was with ale.

Than worde came to oure knyg
How Robyn hode was gon
And how the scheref of Notyngham
Durst neuer loke hym vpon.

Then be spake oure cumly knyg
  In an angur hye,
Litull John hase begyled the schereff
  In faith so hase he me.

Litull John has begyled vs bothe
  And that full wel I se
Or ellis the schereff of Notyngham
Hye hongut shuld he be.

I made hem zemen of the crown,
  And af hem soo with my hond,
I gaf hem grith, seid oure kyng,
  Thorow out all mery Inglond.

I gaf hem grith, then seide oure kyng,
* I say so mot I the,
Ffor sothe sech a zeman as he is on
  In all Ingland ar not thre.

He is trew to his maister, seide oure kyng,
  I sei be swete seynt John,
He louys better Robyn hode,
  Then he dose vs ychon.

Robyn hode is euer bond to him
  Bothe in strete, and stalle,
Speke no mere of this matter, seid oure kyng,
  But John has begyled vs alle,

Thus endys the talkyng of the munke,
  And Robyn hode I wysse,
God that is euer a crowned kyng
  Bryng vs all to his blisse.

THE TALE OF THE BASYN.

EX MSS.to FF. V. 5. 48. APUD. BIBL: VNIV: CANT:

Off talys, and tryfulles, many man tellys,
Sume byn trew, and sum byn ellis,
A man may dryfe forthe the day that long tyme
dwellis
Wyth harpyng and pipyng, and other mery spellis,
Wyth gle, and wyth game.
Off a parson ze mowe here,
In case that hit soth were,
And of his brother that was hym dere,
And louyd well same.

The ton, was his fadirs eyré of hows & of lande,
The tother, was a parson as I understande,
A riche man was he, and a gode husbande,
And knowen for a gode clerke thoro goddis sande,

And oyse was holde.
The tother hade litull thozt,
Off husbandry cowth he nouzt,
But alle his wyves will he crozt.

A febull husbande was he on, as many ar on lyve,
Alle his wyves biddyng he did it full ryve,
Hit is an olde seid saw, I swere be seynt Iyve,
"Hit shalbe at the wyves will if the husbonde thryve."
Bothe wythin, and wythoute,
A wyfe that has an yvell tach,
Thee of the husbond shalle have a smache,
But zif he loke well abowte.

Off that zong gentil man was a gret disese,
Aftur a zere or two his wyfe he myzt not pleese,
Mycull of his lande lay to this preests ese,
Eche tauzt hym euer among how the katte did snese
Rizt at hir owne wille.
He that hade bene a lorde
Was nouther at bedde ne at borde,
Ne durst onye speke a worde,
When she bade be stille.

Litull of husbondry the gode man con thynke,
And his wyfe louyd well gode mete, and gode
drynke,
She wolde nouther therfore swete ne swynke,
But when the baly was full lye downe & wynke,
And zest hir nedir ende.
Soo long thys life thei ladde,
That spende was that thei hadde,
The wife hir husbonde badde
Be lyfe forth to wende.

To the parson the brodur that is so rich a wrech,
And pray hym of the sorow su mdelhe wold slech,
Ffourty pounds of er fyfty loke of hym thou fech,
So that thou hit bryng litull will I rech,
Neuer for to white.
To his brothur forth he went,
And mycull money to hym his lent,
And also sone hit was spent
Ther of they hade but lyte.

Micull money of his brothur he fette,
Ffor alle that he brozt he ferd neuer the bette,
The parson wex wery, & thouzt he wolde hym lette
And he fare long thus he fallis in my dette,

And zet he may not the.
Be twene hym & his wife I wysse,
A drawzt ther is drawen amysse,
I will wete soo haue I blisse
How that hit myzt be.

Zet on a day afterwarde to the parson he zede,
To borow mone and he ne myzt spede,
Brother, quoth the parson, thou takis litull hede
How thou fallis in my dett, ther of is all my drede
And zet thou may not the.
Perdy, thou was my faders eyre,
Off howse, and londe that was so feyre,
And ever thou lyves in dispayre
What devoll how may thys be?

I ne wot how it faris but euer I am be hynde,
Ffor to liffe manly hit comes out be kynde,
I shall truly sey what I thynke in my mynde.
The parson seyde thou me telle.
Brother, he seid, be seynt Albon,
Hit is a preest men callis Sir John,
Sich a felow know I non,
Off felawes he berys the bell.

Hym gode, and curtesse I fynde did moo,
He harpys, and gytryns, and syngs wel ther too,
He wrestels, and lepis, and casts the ston also;
Brother, quoth the parson, be life hame thou goo
So as I the say.
Zif thou myzt with any gynne,
The vessell owt of the chaumber wynne,
The same that thei make water in,
And bryng it me I the pray.

Brother, he seid blithly; thei wil shal be wrozt;
It is a rownde basyn, I haue hit in my thozt,
As bryvely as thou may that hit behider brouzt.
Hye the fast on thi way loke thou lary nozt
And come agayne anone.
Hamewards con he ride,
Ther no longer wolde he byde
And then his wife began to chyde,
Be cause he come so sone.

He hent up the basyn and forth can he fare,
Till he came to his brother wolde he not spare:
The parson toke the basyn, and to his chaumber it bare,
And a prive experyment sone he wroght thare.

And to his brother he seyde ful blithe,
Loke thou where the basyn fette,
And in that place thou hit sett,
And than he seid with owtyn lette,
Come agayne right swythe.

He toke the basyn, and forth wente,
When his wife hym saw, hir browes she up hent;
Why hase thy brother so sone the home sent?
Hit myzt neuer be forgode I know it verament,
That thou comes home so swythe.
Nay he seid, my swetyng,
I moste take a litull thyng,
And to my brother I mot hit bryng,
Ffor sum it shall make blithe.

In to his chaumber prively went he that tyde,
And sett downe the basyn be the bedde side,
He toke his leve at his wyfe, and forth can he ride;
She was glad that he wente, and bade hym not abyde,
Hir hert began to glade.
She anon rizt thoo
Slew a capon or twoo,
And other gode mete thertoo
Hastely she made.

When alle thyng was redy, she sent after Sir John,
Prively at a posterne gate as stille as ony ston:
They eton, and dronkon as thei were wonte to done,
Till that thaym list to bedde for to gon
Softly and stille.
With in a litull while Sir John con wake,
And nedis water he most make,
He wist wher he shulde the basyn take,
Ryzt at his owne wille.
He toke the basyn to make water in,
He myzt not get his hondis away all this worde to wyn,
His hondis fro the basyn myzt he not twyn!
Alas! seid Sir John, how shall I now begynne?
Here is sure wych crafte:
Ffaste the basyn con he holde,
And alle his body tremell for colde,
Lever then a C pounde he wolde
That hit were fro hym rafte.

Ryzt as a chapmon shulde sell his ware,
This basyn in the chaumber betwix his hondis he bare;
This wife was agrevyd he stode so long thare,
And askid why so hit was a nyce fare

So stille ther to stonde?
What woman, he seid in gode fay,
Thou must helpe gif thou may
That this basyn were a way
Hit wille not fro my honde.

Upstert this godewyfe for nothynge wo ldeshe lette,
And bothe hir hondis on the basyn she sette,
Thus sone were thai bothe fast, and he neuer the bette,
Hit was amysse felisshippe a man to haue I mette
Be day or be nyzt.
They began clepe, and crye,
To a wenche that lay thame bye,
That she shulde come on hye
To helpe zif she myzt.

Upstert the wench er she was halfe waked,
And ran to her maistrys all baly naked,
Alas! seid hir maistrys, who has this sorow maked?
Helpe this basyn were awey that oure sorow were slayked,
Here is a sory chaunce.
To the basyn the wenche she paste,
Ffor to helpe hade she cast,
Thus were they sone alle thre faste
Hit was a nyce daunce.

Ther they daunsyd all the nyzt till the son can ryse,
The clerk rang the daybell as it was his gise,
He knew his maistres councell and his ise,
He thozt he was to long to sey his servyse
His matyns be the morow.
Softly, and stille thider he zede,
When he come thider, he toke gode hede
How that his mastyre was in grett drede
And brought in gret sorow.

Anon as Sir John can se he began to call;
Be that worde thei come down in to the hall;
Why goo ze soo, seyd the clerke, hit is shame for
you alle
Why goo ze so nakyd foule not you falle?
The basyn shalle you froo.
To the basyn he made abrayde,
And bothe his handis theron he layde,
The furst worde that the clerke seyde,
Alas what shall I doo?

The carter fro the halle dure erth can he throw
With a sheuell in his hande tom ake it clane I trowe,
Whan he saw thaymgo rounde upon arow,
He wende hit hade bene folys of the fayr he told
hit in his saw

He seid he wolde assay I wysse.
Unneth he durst go in for fere,
Alle save the clerke nakyd were,
When he saw the wench go there,
Hym thozt hit went amysse.

The wenche was his speciall that hoppid on the rowte,
Lette go the basyn or thou shalle haue a clowte!
He hit the weneh with a shevell aboue on the towte,
The shevyll sticked there fast withowte any dowte,
And he hengett on the ende.
The carter with a sory chaunce,
Among thaim alle he led the dawnce,
In Englonde Scotland ne in Fraunce
A man shulde non sich fynde.

The gode man, and the parson come in that stounde
Alle that fayre feliship dawnsyng thei founde,
The gode man seid to Sir John, be cocks swete wounde,
Thou shalle lese thine harnesse or a C pounde:
Truly thou shalle not chese.
Sir John seid in gode fay,
Helpe this basyn were awey,
And that mone will I pay
Er I this harnes lese.

The parson charmyd the basyn that it fell thaim fro,
Euery man there hastely on tharre wey can goo,
The preest went out of contre for shame he hade thoo,
And then thai leuyd thawe lewtnesse & did no more soo,
But wex wyse and ware.
Thus the gode man, and his wyfe,
Leuyd to geder with owt stryfe,
Mary for y hir ioyes fyfe
Shelde vs alle fro care.

FFINITUR.

THE COKWOLDS DAUNCE.

EX M.S.S.to APUD MUS: ASHM: 61.

ALL that wyll of solas here
Herkyns now, and ze schall here,
And ze kane vnderstond;
Off a bowrd, I wyll you schew,
That ys full gode and trew,
That fell some tyme in Ynglond.

Kynge Arthour was off grete honour,
Off castellis and of many a toure,
And full wyde I know;
A gode ensample I wyll you sey
What chanse befell hym one a dey,
Herkyn to my saw!

Cokwoldes he louyd as I zou plyzt,
He honouryd them both dey and nyght,
In all maner of thyng;
And, as I rede in story,
He was kokwold sykerly,
Ffor sothê it is an losyng,

Herkyn Lordinges what I sey,
How may ze here solas and pley
Iff ze wyll takê gode hede.
Kyng Arthour had a bugyll horn
That ever mo stod hym be forn.
Were so that ever he zede.

Ffor wha he was at the bord sete
Anon the horne schuld be sette
Ther off that he myght drynk,
Ffor myche crafte he couth thereby
And ofter tymes the treuth he sey
Non over couth he thynk.

Iff any Cokwold drynke of it,
Spyll he schuld withouten lette,
Therfor theye were not glade.

Gret dispyte they had thereby,
Because it dyde their vilony,
And made them oftentymes sade.

When the kyng wold hafe solas,
The bugyll was sett into the plas
To make solas and game.
And a chargyd the Cokwold chere
The kyng them callyd ferre and nere
Lordyng by ther name.

Than men myght se game jnowze
When every cokwold on other leuze,
And zit yet schamyd sore.
* Where euer the cokwold was sought,
Befor the kyng they were brought,
Both lesse and more.

Kyng Arthour than verament
Ordeynd throw hys awne assent,
Ssoth as I zow sey,
The tabull dermonte with ontexlette,
Ther at the cokwold was sette
To have solas and play.

Ffor at the bord schuld be non others
Bot euery cokwold to his brothers,
  To tell treuth I must nede.
And when the cokwold was sette,
Garland of wylos sculd be fette,
  And sett vpon his hed.

Off the best mete with oute lesyng.
That stode on bord befor the kyng,
  Both ferr and nere.
To the cokwold he sente anon,
And bad them be glad euerychon
  Ffor his sake make gode chere.

And seyd lordyngs for zour lyues
Be neuer the wrother with your wyues,
  Ffor no manner of nede.
Off women com duke and kyng,
I zow tell with out lesyng,
  Of tham com owre manhed.

So it be fell sertenly,
The duke off Glosseter comin byze
  To the courte with full gret myzht

He was reseyued at the Kyngs palys,
With myrth, honour and grete solas,
With lords that were well dygzht.

With the Kyng ther dyde he dwell,
Bot how long I can not tell,
Therof knaw I non name.
Off kyng Arthour a wond case
Frend herkyns how it was,
Ffor now be gynes game.

Vppon a dey withouten lette,
The duke with the kyng was sette
At mete with mykill pride
He lukyd abowte wonderous faste,
Hys syght on euery syde he caste
To them that sate be syde.

The kyng aspyed the erle anon,
And fast he lowzhe the erle vpon,
And bad he schuld be glad.
And yet for all hys grete honour,
Cokwold was Kyng Arthour
Ne galle non he had.

So at the last the duke he brayd
And to the kyng the word sayd,
He myght no lenger for bere.
Syr what these men don
That syche garlond the were vpon ?
That skyll wold I lere.

The kyng seyd the erle to,
Syr non hurte the haue do,
Ffor that was thruzht a chans
Serten they be fre men all
Ffor non of them hath no gall,
Ther for this is your penans.

Ther wyves hath ben merchandabull,
And of this ware compenabull,
Me thinke it is non harme.
A man of lufe that wold them craue
Hastely he schuld it haue
Ffor the couth not hym wern.

All theyr wyves sykerlyke,
Hath vsyd the baskefysyke
Whyll theyr men were oute.

And ofte they haue draw that draught
To vse well the lêchers craft,
With jnbyng of this toute.

Syr, he seyd, now haue I redd;
Ete we now, and make vs glad,
And euery man fle care.
The duke seyd to hym anon,
Thanke the cokwolds eurychon.
The kyng seyd hold the there.

The kyng than after the erlys word,
Said to the cokwolds bord,
To make them mery among,
All manner of mynstralsy
To glad the cokwolds by and by,
With herpe, fydell, and song.

And bad them take no greffe,
Bot all with loue, and with leffe,
Euery man with other.
Ffor after mete without distans,
The cockwolds schuld together danse
Euery man with hys brother.

Than began a nobull game,
The cokwolds together came
  Befor the erle and the kyng,
In skerlet kyrtells on one,
The cokwolds stody euerychon,
  Redy vnto the dansyng.

Than seyd the kyng in hye,
Go fyll my bugyll hastely,
  And bryng it to my hond;
I wyll asey with a gyne
All the cokwolds that her is in
  To knaw the will and fond.

Than seyd the erle, for charyte,
In what skyll tell me
  A cokwold may I know?
To the erle the kyng ansuerd,
Syr be myn here berd,
  Thou schall se within a throw.

The bugull was brought the kyng to hond;
Then seyd the kyng, I vnderstond
  Thys horne that ze here se,

Ther is no cokwold fer, or nere,
Here of to drynke hath no power,
As wyde as crystiante.

Bot he schall spyll on euery syde,
Ffor any cas that may be tyde,
Schall not ther of avanse.
And zit for all hys grete honour,
Hymselfe noble kyng Aurthour
Hath forteynd syche a chans.

Syr erle, he seyd take, and begyn;
He seyd, nay, be seynt Austyn
That was to me vylony.
Not for all a reme to wyn,
Be for you I schuld begyn,
Ffor honour off my curtassy.

Kyng Arthour then he tuke the horn,
And dyde as he was wont beforn,
Bot this was zit gon a gyle,
Bot he wend to haue dronke of the best,
Bot sone he spylld on hys brest,
With in a lytell whyle.

The cokwolds lokyd eche on other,
And thought the kyng was their awn brother,
And glad thi was of that.
He hath vs scornyd many a tyme,
And now he is a cokwold fyne,
To were a cokwold hat.

The quene was this of schamyd sore,
Sche changyd hyr colour lesse and more
And wold haue ben a wey;
Ther with the kyng gan hyr behold,
And seyd he schuld neuer be so bold,
The soth agene to sey.

Cokwold no man I wyll repreue,
Ffor I ame ane, and aske no leue,
Ffor all my rent and londys.
Lordyngs, all now may ze know,
That I may dance the cokwold row,
And take zow by the hands.

Than seyd the all at a word,
That cokwolds schuld begyne to bord,
And sytt hyest in the halle.

Go we lordyngs all same
And dance to make vs gle and game,
  Ffor cokwolds haue no galle.

And after that sone anon,
The kyng causyd the cokwolds ychon,
  To wesch with outen les,
Ffor ought that euer may be tyde,
He sett them by hys awne syde,
  Vp at the hyze dese.

The kyng hymselff a garlond fette,
Vppon hys hede he it sette,
  Ffor it myght be no other;
And seyd, lordyngs sykerly,
We be all off a freyry,
  I ame your owne brother.

Be Jhu cryst that is aboffe,
That man aught me gode loffe,
  That ley by my quene;
I was worthy him to honour,
Both in castell, and in towre,
  With rede skerlet and grene.

Ffor him me helpyd when I was forth,
To cher my wyfe, and make her myrth,
Ffor women louys wele pley.
And therfor this haue ze no dowte,
Bot many schall dance in the cokwold rowte,
Both by nyght and day,

And therefor lordyngs take no care,
Make we mery, for nothing spare,
All brothers in one rowte.
Than the cokwolds was full blythe
And thankyd god a C syth,
Ffor soth withouten dowte.

Euery cokwold seyd to other,
Kyng Arthour is our awne brother,
Therfor we may bi blyth.
Thi erle off Glowsyter verament,
Take hys leue, and home went,
And thankyd the kyng fele sythe.

Kyng Arthour left at Skarlyon
With hys cokwolds euery chon,
And made both gam and gle.

A knyght this was withouten les,
That sued at the kyngs des,
Syr Corneus hyght he.

He made the gest in hys gam,
And named it after hys own name,
In herpyng or other gle.
And after nobull kyng Arthour,
Lyued, and dyed with honour,
As may hath don sure.
Both cokwold, and others mo.
God gyff vs grace that we may go
To heuyn. Amen. Amen.

TO ALL FALSE FLATTERING FREEMEN OF CAMBRIDGE, OPEN AND SECRETE ENEMIES OF THE POORE, JACK OF THE STYLE SENDITH GRETYNG.

(EX M.S.S.to CVI. 81. APUD BIBL. CORP. XTI. CANT.)

Though thow take much payne
To ditche up ageyne,
All that I make playne
    I wolde yow scholde knooe,
Yf I kepe this lande
Yt shall not longe stande,
But with foote and hande
    I will yt outhrowe.

I coulde haue bene content
Ye shold have put to rent,
So they had bene well spent,
    In susteyninge the pore,

Your osiers, and your holts,
Your pastures for your colts,
But now lyke folishe dolts
You shall have them no more.

For I will be bayly
And them maynteyne dayly,
Or ells dowtelesse nightly
To the use of the pore,
Saye you all what ye will,
Ye shall lytill skill,
So I have my will
I passe of no more.

And that will I have
So God me save,
Or ells sir knave,
Beware your pate.
I speke to Mr. Capitayne,
It may perchaunce come to his payne,
Yff he stowtly maynteyne
Highe bullayne tate.

The last time he went,
He was allmost spent,

Thoughe he had bowes,
And raye with his gunne.
Yt may so chaunce agayne
That within nightes twayne
Yf the moone shyne playne,
But humbary hum.

Yow bragge, and yow bost,
Yow will spare for no coste,
To prepare an host
To put me to flight.
A better wage wolde be hadde
My councell is not badde,
Trust neither boy nor ladde
Lest ye lacke might.

Mr. Braysyewall
Without erge or call,
Shall have a great fall,
Within short space.
Nothing will I spare
Neither for horse, or mare,
But all shal be bare
As the markett place.
For except I do so
You will dyke and plowe.

BILLA POSITA SUPER HOSTIUM MAJORIS.[1]

Looke out here, Maire, with thie pilled pate[2]
  And see wich a scrowe is set on thie gate
Warning the of harde Happes
  For and it lukke thou shalt have swappes:
Therefore I rede keepe the at Home;
  For thou shalt abey for that is done:
Or els kest on a coate of Mayle;
  Truste well thereto withouten fayle.
And great Golias Joh Essex[3]
  Shalt have a clowte with my Harille axe
  Wherever I may him hare

1 Thome Bilney.

2 The word pilled occurs in the Statute relating to the Fishmongers at Cambridge temp: Hen: 7th. in these words, "nor that any such merchauñte or palyng man meddle any Galbitan, Sterver, or pilled eles with good eles."

v. Shakespeare in Henry the 6th "a pilled priest."

3 John Essex was one of the Bailiffs of the town of Cambridge, anno 1407. 1411. 1414. 1416.

Q

And the Hosteler Bambo,[4] with his goats beard
Once and it happe shall he made afeard,
So god mote me save.
And zif with thie catche—Poles hope I to mete,
With a fellow or twayne in the playne streete,
And her crownes brake:
And that Harlot Hierman, with his calves snowte,
Of buffets full sekerly shall bern a rowte
For his werkes sake,
And yet shall hankyn Attibbrigge,
Full zerne for Swappes his Tayle wrigge,
And it hap aritt.
And other knaves all on heape
Shall take knockes ful good cheape,*
Come once winter nith.
But nowe I praye to God Almyth,
That whatsoever thou spare,
That metche sorowe to him bedith,
And evill mote he fare.

Amen, quoth he, that beshrewd the Mairs very visage.

Ex registro Magistri Thoma Marc Caunte.

4 Q? if this is not meant for Simon Beauty bowe, who was Bailiffe in 1404 and Mayor in 1414. 1415.

DOCTOUR DOUBBLE ALE.

EX LIBRO UNICO APUD BIBL: BODL: OXON.

ALTHOUGH I lacke intelligence,
And can not skyll of eloquence,
Yet wyll I do my diligence,
To say sumthing or I go hence;
Wherein I may demonstrate,
The figure, gesture, and estate,
Of one that is a curate.
That harde is, and endurate,
And ernest in the cause,
Of piuish popish lawes;
That are not worth two strawes,
Except it be with dawes.
That knoweth not good from euels,
Nor Gods worde from the Deuels;
Nor wyll in no wise heare
The worde of God so deare,

Nor popishnes upreare,
And make the pope Gods peare.
And so themselves they lade
Wyth bables that he made.
And styll wyll holde his trade.
No man can them perswade.
And yet I dare say,
Ther is no day,
But that they may
Heare sincerily,
And right truly,
Gods worde to be taught,
If they wolde haue sought;
But they set at nought
Christes true doctrine,
And themselves decline
To mens ordinaunce,
Whych they enhaunce,
And take in estimation
Aboue Christes passion.
And so this folish nation,
Esteme their owne facion,
And all dum ceremonies
Before the sanctumonies

Or Christes holy writ;
And thinke their owne wit
To be far aboue it,
That the scripture to them teachis,
Or honest meu preachis.
They folowe perlowes lechis,
And doctours dulpatis,
That falsely to them pratis,
And bring them to the gates
Of hell and vtter darkenes;
And all by stubborne starkenes;
Putting their full trust
In thinges that rot, and rust,
And papisticall prouisions.
Which are the deuels dirisions,
Now let us go about
To tell the tale out,
Of this good felow stout,
That for no man wyll dout,
But kepe his olde condicions,
For all the newe comyssions,
And use his supersticions,
And also mens tradicyons,
And syng for dead folkes soules,
And reade hys beade rolles,

And all such thinges wyll vse
As honest men refuse.
But take him for a cruse,
And ye wyll tell me newes.
For if he one begyn,
He leaueth nought therin,
He careth not a pyn
How much ther be wythin,
So he the pot may wyn;
He wyll it make full thyn.
And wher thẽ drinke doth please,
There wyll he take his ease,
And drinke ther of his fyll,
Tyll ruddy be his byll.
And fyll both cup, and can,
Who is glad a man
As is our curate than?
I wolde ye knewe it, a curate
Not far without newgate,
Of a parish large,
The man hath mikle charge,
And none within this border,
That kepeth such order.
Nor one a this syde Nauerne,
Louyth better the ale tauerne,

But if the drinke be small,
He may not well withall,
Tush, cast it on the wall,
It fretteth out his gall.
Then seke an other house
This is not worth a louse.
As dronken as a mouse,
Mon syre gybet a vous
And ther wyll byb and bouse,
Tyll heuy be his brouse.
Good ale he doth so haunt,
And drynke a due taunt
That ale wives make ther vaunt,
Of many a peny rounde
That sum of them hath founde.
And sometyme mikle strife is,
Amonge the ale wyfes,
And sure I blame them not,
For wrong it is god wot,
When this good drunken sot
Helpeth not to empty the pot.
For sumtime he wyll go
To one, and to no mo,
Then wyll the hole route
Upon that one cry out,

And say she doth them wronge,
To kepe him all daye longe,
Ffrom commyng them amonge.
Wherfore I giue councell
To them that good drink sell,
To take in of the best,
Or else they lese their gest,
For he is redy, and prest,
Where good ale is to rest,
And drinke tyll he be drest.
When he his boke shulde study,
He sitteth there full ruddy,
Tyll halfe the day be gone,
Crying "fyll the pot Jone,"
And wyll not be alone,
But call sum other one,
At wyndowe, or at fenestre,
That is an idell minestre,
As he him selfe is.
Ye know full well this.
The kinde of carion crowes,
Ye may be sure growes,
The more for carion stinking;
And so do these in drinking.
This man to sum mens thinking,

Doth stay hym muche vpon the kyng,
As in the due demanding,
Of that he calleth an head peny,
And of the paskall halpeny,
For the cloth of Corpus Christy,
Four pens he claymith swiftely;
In which the sexton, and he truly,
Did tog by the eares earnestly,
Saying he cannot the king well paye,
If all such driblars be take away.
Is not this a gentill tale,
Of our Doctour Doubble Ale?
Whose couutenance is neuer pale,
So wel good drinke he can vphale;
A man of learning great,
For if his brayne he wolde beat,
He coulde within dayes fourtene,
Make such a sermō as neuer was sene.
I wot not whether he spake in drinke,
Or drinke in him; how do ye thinke?
I neuer herde him preach, God wot!
But it were in the good ale pot.
Also, he sayth, that fayne he wolde,
Come before the councell if he coulde,

For to declare his learning,
And other thinges concerning
Goodly councels that he could geue.
Beyond all mesure, ye may me beleue,
His learning is exceeding;
Ye may know by his reading.
Yet coulde a cobblers boy him tell
That he red a wrong gospell;
Wherfore in dede he serued him well,
He turned himselfe as round as a ball,
And with loud voyce began to call,
" Is there no constable among you all
" To take this knaue that doth me troble?"
With that all was on a hubble shubble.
There was drawing, and dragging
There was lugging, and lagging,
And snitching, and snatching,
And ketching, and catching
And so the pore ladde,
To the counter they had.
Some wolde he should be hanged,
Or els he shulde be wranged;
Some sayd it were a good turne,
Such an heretyke, to burne.

Some sayde this, and some sayd that,
And some did prate they wist not what;
Some did curse, and some did ban,
For chafing of our curate than.
He was a worthy no lesse,
For vexing with his pertnesse
A gemman going to Messe.
Did it become a cobblers boy,
To shew a gemman such a toy?
But it were well wayde,
Ye shuld fynde I am afrayde,
That the boy were worthy,
For his reading, and sobriatie,
And judgement in the veritie,
Among honest folke to be
A curate, rather than he.
For this is knowen for certentie,
The boy doth loue no papistry.
And our curate is called no doubte
A papiste, London thoroughout.
And truth is it they do not lye,
It may be sene wyth halfe an eye:
For if there come a preacher,
Or any godly teacher,

To speake agaynst his trūpery,
To the ale house goth he by and by,
And ther he wyll so much drinke,
Tyll of ale he doth so stinke,
That whether he go before, or behynde,
Ye shall hym smell without the winde:
For when he goeth to it he is no hafter
He drinketh dronke for two dayes after.
" Wyth " fyll the cuppe Jone,
" For all this is gone:
" Here is ale alone
" I say for my drinking;
" Tush, let the pot be clinking,
" And let vs mery make,
" No thought will I take,
" For thought these fellowes crake,
" I trust to see them slake,
" And some of them to bake,
" In Smithfielde at a stake.
" And in my parysh be some,
" That if the tyme come,
" I feare not wyll remember
" (Beit August or September
" October or November
" Or Moneth of December)

“ To fynde both wood, and timber
“ To burne them euery member.
“ And goth to borde, and bed,
“ At the signe of the kinges head.
“ And let these heretikes preach,
“ And teach what they can teach,
“ My parish I know well
“ Agaynst them will rebell,
“ If I but once them tell,
“ Or giue them any warning,
“ That they were of the new learning.
“ For wyth a worde, or twayne,
“ I can them call agayne,
“ And yet, by the Masse,
“ Forgetfull I was,
“ Or els in a slumber.
“ There is a shrewde nomber,
“ That curstly do comber,
“ And my pacience proue,
“ And dayly me moue,
“ For some of them styll,
“ Continew wyll
“ In this new way,
“ Whatsoeuer I saye,

" It is not long ago,
" Syns it chaunsed so,
" That a buriall here was,
" Without dirige or Masse;
" But at the buriall,
" They song a christmas caroll.
" By the masse, they wyll mar all,
" If they continew shall.
" Some sayd it was a godly hearing,
" And of their hartes a gay cheering
" Some of them fell on weping
" In my church; I make no leasing;
" They hard neuer the lyke thinge,
" Do ye thinke that I wyll consent
" To these heretikes entent,
" To haue any sacrament
" Minstred in English?
" By them I set not a rysh,
" So long as my name is Hary George.
" I wyll not do it spight of their gorge.
" Oh! Dankester, Dancastre,
" None betwene this and Lancaster,
" Knoweth so much my minde,
" As thou my speciall frynde.

" It wolde do the much good
" To wash thy handes in the bloude,
" Of them that hate the Masse.
" Thou couetest no lesse,
" So much they vs oppresse,
" Pore priestes doubtlesse.
" And yet, what than,
" There is no man,
" That sooner can
" Perswade his parishons
" From such condicions,
" Then I perse I.
" For by and by
" I can them convert,
" To take my parte,
" Excepte a fewe,
" That hacke, and hew,
" And agaynst me shew
" What they may do,
" To put me to
" Some hynderaunce.
" And yet may chaunce
" The byshops visitour,
" Wyll shew me favour.

" And therefore, I
" Care not a fly;
" For ofte haue they
" Sought by some way,
" To bring me to blame,
" And open shame:
" But I wyll beare them out,
" In spight of their snout,
" And will not cease
" To drinke a pot the lesse
" Of ale that is bygge;
" Nor passe not a fygge
" For all their malice
" Away the mane, said Walis,
" I set not a whitinge
" By all their writing,
" For yet I deny not
" The Masses priwat,
" Nor yet forsake
" That I of a cake
" My maker may make."
But harke a lytle, Larke,
And a few wordes marke,
Howe this caluish clarke,
For his purpose coulde wark,

There is an honest man
That kept an olde woman,
Of almes in hyr hed
Liyng dayly beddered.
Whiche man coulde not, I say,
Wyth popishnes away.
But fayne this woman olde
Wolde haue masse if she coulde;
The whiche this priest was tolde:
He hearing this, anone
As the goodman was gone
Abrode about his business,
Before the woman he sayde masse,
And showe his prety popishnes
Agaynst the goodmans wyll.
Therefore, it is my skyll,
That he shulde hym endight,
For doing such dispight,
As by his popish wyle,
His house with Masse defyle.
Thus may ye beholde,
This man is very bolde,
And in his learning olde
Intendeth for to syt.
I blame hym not a whyt,

For it wolde vexe his wit,
And cleane agaynst his earning,
To folow such learning
As now a dayes is taught.
It wolde sone bryng
His olde popish brayne
For then he must agayne
Apply hym to the schole
And come away a fole:
For nothyng shulde he get,
His brayne hath bene so het,
And wyth good ale so wet,
Wherefore he may now set
In feldes, and in medes,
And pray vpon his beades.
For yet, he hath a payre
Of beades that be right fayre,
Of corall, gete, or ambre,
At home within his chambre;
For in matins, and masse,
Primar & Portas,
And pottes, and beades,
His lyfe he leades.
But this I wota,
Thet if ye nota,

How this idiota,
Doth folow the pota,
I holde you a grota,
Ye wyle rede by rota,
That he may wete a cota
In cocke losels bota.
Thus the durty doctour,
The popes oune proctour,
Wyll bragge, and boost,
Wyth ale, and a toost,
And lyke a rutter
His latyn wyll vtter;
And turne, and tosse hym,
Wyth " tu non possum
" Loquere latinum,
" This alum finum,
" Is bonus than vinum.
" Ego volo quare,
" Cum tu drinkare
" Pro tuum caput.
" Quia apud
" Te propiciacio
" Tu non potes facio.
" Tot quam ego,
" Quam librum tu lego,

" Caue de me,
" Apponere te.
" Juro, per deum,
" Hoc est lifum meum.
" Quia drinkum stalum
" Non facere malum"
Thus, our dominus dodkin,
Wyth it a vera bodkin,
Doth leade his lyfe;
Whiche to the ale wife
Is very profitable.
It is pitie he is not able
To maynteyn a table
For beggars, and tinkers,
And all lusty drinkers,
Or captayne, or beddle,
Wyth dronkards to meddle.
Ye cannot, I am sure,
For keping of a cure
Fynde such a one well,
If we shulde rake hell.
And, therefore, nowe
No more to you
Sed perlegas ista,
Si velis Papista.

Fare well and a dewe ;
With a whirlary whewe,
And a tirlary typpe,
Beware of the whyppe.

FINIS.

Take this tyll more come

HERE BEGYNNETH THE JUSTES OF THE MONETH OF MAYE, PARFURNYSSHED, AND DONE BY CHARLES BRANDON, THOMAS KNYUET, GYLES CAPEL, AND WYLLYAM HUSSY. THE XXII. YERE OF THE REYGNE OF OUR SOUERAYNE LORD KYNGE HENRY THE SEUENTH.

THE moneth of May, with amerous beloued,
Plasauntly past, wherein there hath ben pued
Feates of armes, and no persones reproued
That had courage,

In armoure bryghte to shewe theyr personage,
On stedes stronge, sturdy and corsage;
But rather praysed for theyr vassellage,
As reason was.

In whiche season thus fortuned the case,
A lady fayre, moost beautyous of face,
With servauntes foure, brought was into a place
Stayed about.

Hereon stode lordes, and ladyes a gret route,
And many a knyght, and squyer also stoute.
That the place was as full as it be mought
On euery syde.

That to beholde the justes dyde abyde
Tyll that the pryse by the Judges was tryed,
And by the heraldes that trouthe wel espyed,
Therefore puruayde

Thus, these foure servantes of this lady foresayd,
Entred the felde, therefore to be assayde,
Gorgeously apparayled, and arayde,
And for pleasaunce,

And in a maner for a cognysaunce
Of Mayes month, they bare a sonenaunce
Of a verte code was the resemblaunce,
Tatched ryght fast

About theyr neckes, as long as May dyde laste
But about theyr neckes it was not caste
For chalenge, but they weere it tyll May was past
Redy to just.

Theyr armure clere relucent without ruste,
Theyr horses barbed trottynge on the duste,
Promsed gentyll hertes vnto luste
And to solace.

Specyally suche as Venus dyde embrace,
Or, as of Cupyde foloved the trase
Or suche as of Mars desyred the grace
For to attayne.

And as touchynge this lady souerayne,
Had suche beaute, it wolde an herte constrayne
To serue her, though he knewe to lese his payne
She was so shene,

She, and her seruantes clad were all in grene;
Her fetures freshe none can dyscrybe I wene,
For beaute, she myght well haue ben a quene.
She yonge of aege

Was set moste goodly hye vpon a stage,
Under a hauthorne made by the ourage
Of Flora, that is of heuenly parage
In her hande was

Of halfe an houre with sande rennynge a glas,
So contryved it kepte truely the spase
Of the halfe houre, and dyde it neuer passe.
But for to tell.

How this lady that so ferre dyde excell,
Was named, yf I aduyse me well,
Lady of May, she hyght; after Aprell
Began her reygne.

Whose tyme durynge her servauntes toke grete payne,
Before her to shewe pleasure souerayne,
So that in felde who that came them agayne
In armoure bright,

On horsbacke mounted for to proue theyr myght.
Two seruantes of this lady of delyte,
Sholde be mounted, (armed,) and redy dyght,
At a tyltes ende.

That to parfurnysshe theyr chalenge dyde entende,
Fyrst one of them halfe home sholde dyspende,
With hym that came fyrste in felde to defende
With coronall.

With grete speres that were not shapen small,
And whan a spere was broken forth with all,
The trompettes blewe with sounes musycall.
Half nome done.

Another chalenger was redy sone,
With another defendant to rone,
And so the defendauntes one after one,
Eche day by twayne.

Chalengers answered were to theyr grete payne,
And artylled it was in wordes playne,
That yf a chalenger ony hurte dyde sustayne,
Another might

Of his felowes come to felde redy dyght,
To maynteyne his felowes chalenge and ryght,
Theyr artycles also dyde it recyte
Those who came there

Horsed, and in armoure burnysshed clere,
As a defendaunt, he sholde chose his spere,
And rynne halfe home with a chalengere.
Whiche season doone.

A trumpet blewe to gyve warnynge ryght soone,
Thus the Justes helde frome twayne after none
Tyll syxe was strycke of clockes mo than one
Whiche houres past,

The defendauntes the tylte about compast,
And with trumpettes out of the felde they past;
The chalengers in the felde abode laste;
Euery eche day.

And one of them the lady dyde convaye,
That named was the yonge lady of May,
From her hye stage with floures made so gaye,
And there redy

Was his felawe hym to accompany;
Thus the chalengers melodyously,
About the tylte rode also ryght warrily,
In theyr armore.

Complete saue of theyr heed peres pure
And in this wyse they made departure,
Accompanyed with many a creature
Youge and lusty.

On horses gambawdynge wonderously,
That it semed as to a mannes eye,
That they wolde haue haryed styll in the skye.
Other there were

That were joly and gorgyas in theyr gere,
And than they lyst, coude well handle a spere.
That came eche day to serue other men there
On eche party.

And dyde in eche thynge indeferently,
It came be ye sure of ryght grete curtesy ;
Of the chalengers I shall you certify
How they were prest.

Twyse in the weke in the felde redy drest,
Durynge the May, and chosen for dayes best,
Were sondaye, and thursday, and merelyest
To shewe pleasure

With speres gete them to auenture,
And who in presence of this lady pure,
Brake morst speres, a golde rynge sholde beure
Of this lady;

Aud agayne, on the party contrary,
Yf the defendaunt on his party,
Of speres alowed brake not so many
As chalengere;

Or he went there humbly, he sholde apere
Before this lady moost comely of chere,
And to present vnto her a rynge there.
This ordre set,

Was with artycles more whereof to treate,
Sholde he to longe but who best had the feate,
Was gladdest man but he the pryce dyde gete,
That speres brake

Most in the felde, yet other had no lake
Of speres brokynge, for to here the crake,
Wolde cause ony lusty herte pleasure to take.
What with the brute.

Of trumpettes, and many an other flute,
Of taboryns, and of many a douce lute,
The Mynstrelles were properly clade in sute.
All this deuyse,

Was worthy prayre after my poore aduyse,
Syth it was to no manner preiudyse
To passe the tyme, this merciall exercyse
Was commendable,

Specyally for folkes honourable,
And for other gentylmen therto able,
And for defence of realmes, profytable
Is the vsage.

Therfore good is to haue parfyght knowledge,
For all men that haue youth, or motely age,
How with the spere theyr enemyes to outrage
At euery nere.

And how he sholde also gouerne his stede,
And for to vse in stede of other dede
To were armure complete from fote to hede,
Is ryght metely.

It encourageth also a body,
Enforcynge hym to be the more hardy ;
And syth it is so necessary,
(I them commende,
That to defende
Them selfe pretende
Valyauntly.

(And dyscommende
Them that dyspende
Theyr life to ende
In vayne foly.

(Some reprehende
Suche as entende
To condescende
To chyvalry.

(God then amende
And grace them sende
Not to offende
More tyll they deye.

(Thende of the Justes of Maye.)

WILLYAM AND THE WERWOLF.

FRAGMENTUM APUD BIBL · COLL: REG: CANT:

Hit bi fel in that forest there ist by side,
Ther woned a wel old cherl that was a couherde,
That fele wintres in that forest fayre had kepud,
Mennes ken of the cuntre as a comen herde.
And thus it bitide that time, as tellen oure bokes,
This couzherd comes on a time to kepen is bestes,
Ffast by side the borwz there the barn was inne.
The herd had with him an hounde, his hert to lizt,
And for to wayte on his bestes wanne thai to brode
went.
The herd sat than with hound azene the hote
sunne,
Nouzt fully a furlong fro that fayre child,
And louztand kyndely his schon also here craft
failes.

That while was the werwolf went a boute his praye,
Wher behoued to the barn to bring as he mizt.
The child than darked in his den·dernly him one,
And was a big bold barn, and breme of his age,
Ffor spakly speke it conthe tho, and spedeliche to
wawe.
Louely lay it a long in his lonely denne,
And buskede him out of the buschys that were
blouzed grene,
And leued ful louely that lent grete schade,
And briddes ful bremely on the bowes singe.
What for melodye that thei made in mery sesoun,
That litel child listely lorked out of his caue,
Ffaire flowres for to feeche that he bi fore him seye,
And to gadere of grases that grene were and fayre.
And whan it was out went, so wel hit him liked
The sauor of the swete sesoun, and song of the
briddes
That ferde fast a boute, floures to gadere;
And layked him long while to lesten that merye.
The couherds hound that time, as happe by tidde,
Feld foule of the child, and fast thider fulwes,
And sone as he it seiz, sothe for to telle,
He gan to berke on that barn and to * * * it hold
That it wax neiz of wi * * * wod for fere,
And comsed than to crye so kenely, and schille,

And wepte so wonder fast, wite thou for sothe,
That the son of the cry com to the cowherde evene,
That he wist witerly it was the wys of a childe.
Than ros he vp radely, and ran thider swithe,
And drouz him toward the den bi his dogges noyce.
Bi that time was the barn for bere of that hounde
Drawe him in to his den, and darked ther stille,
And wept euen as it wolde a wede for fere.
And euen the dogge at the hole held it at a baye,
And whan the kouherd com thide he koured lowe,
To bihold in at the hole whi his hound berkyd,
Thanne of sauz he ful sone that semliche child,
That so louelithe lay, and wep in that loyli caue,
Clothed ful komly for an kud kinges sone,
In gode clothes of gold a greyed ful riche,
With perrey, and pellure pertelyche to the rizttes.
The cherl wondred of that chaunce, and chastised
his dogge,
Bad him blinne of his berking: and to the barn talked.
Acoyed it to come to him, and clepud hit oft,
And foded it with floures, and with faire byhest,
And hizt it hastely to haue what it wold zerne,
Appeles and alle thinges that childern after wilnen.
So for to seiz al the sothe so faire the cherl glosed,
That the child com of the caue and his criynge stint.
The cherl ful cherli that child tok in his armes,

And kest hit, and clipped, and oft crist thonkes,
That hade him sent tho sonde swithe prey to finde.
Wiztlich with the child he went to his house,
And bitok it to his wif tiztly to kepe.
A gladere wommon vnder god no mizt go on erthe,
Than was the wif with the child witow for sothe.
Sche kolled it ful kindly, and askes is name,
And it answered ful sone, and seide, "William,"
y hizt.
Than was the godwif glad, and gan it faire kepe,
That it wanted nouzt that it wold haue.
That thei ne fond him as faire as for here state
longed,
And the beter be the sure, for barn ne had thei none
Brouzt forth of here bodies, here bale was the more
But sothly thai seide the child schuld weld al here
godis,
Londes, and ludes, as ether after here lif dawes
But from the cherl and the child now chaunge we
oure tale.
Ffor i wol of the werwolf a wile now speke.
Whanne this werwolf awile was come to his wolnk
denne,
And hade brouzt bil foder for the barnes mete,
That he hade wonne with wo wide wher a boute,

Than fond he nest, and no neiz for nouzt nas ther
leued.
And whan the best the barn missed so balfully he
ginneth,
That alle men vpon molde no mizt telle his sorwe.
Ffor reuliche gan he rore, and rente al his hide,
And fret oft of the erthe, and fel doun on swowe,
And made the most dool that man mizt diuise.
And as the best in his bale ther a boute wente,
He fond the feute al fresh where forth the herde
Hade bore than barn beter it to zeme,
Wiztly the werwolf than went bi noze,
Euene to the herdes house, and hastely was thare,
There walked he a boute the walles to winne in sizt,
And at the last leuth a litel hole he findes;
There pued he in priuely, and pertilich ebi holdes;
Now hertily the herdes wif hules that child,
And how fayre it fedde, and fetisliche it bathede,
And wrouzt with it as wel as zif it were hire owne.
Thanne was the best blithe, and now for the
barnes sake,
Ffor he wist it schold be warded wel thanne
at the best,
And hertily for that hap to heuene ward he loked,

And throliche thonked god mani thousand sithes,
And seythen went on is way whider as him liked,
But whider ward wot i neuer witow forsothe.
At nowthe ze that arn hende haldes ow stille,
And how that best therwe bale was brougt out of
kinde,
I wol zou telle as swithe trewly the sothe.
Werwolf was he non wox of kinde
Ac komen was he of kun that kud was ful nobul,
Ffor the kud king of spayne was kindely his fader,
He gat him, as god gaf grace on his ferst wyue,
And at the burth of that barn the bold lady deyde.
Siththen that kud king so bi his conseyl wrout
A nother wif that he wedded a worchipful ladi,
The princes douzter of portingale, to prue the sothe,
But lelliche that ladi in zouthe hadde lerned
miche schame,
Ffor al the werk of witchecrait wel y nouz che
couzthe ;
Nede nadde she namore of nigramauncy to lere,
Of coninge of witche craft wel nouz she couzde,
And braund was that bold quene of burnes y clepud.
The kinges furst child was fostered fayre as it ouzt,
And had lordes, and ladies it louely to kepe,
And fast gan that frely barn fayre for to wexe,

The quene his moder on a time as a mix thouzt
How fayre, and how fetis it was, and freliche schapen,
And this thanne thouzt sche throly that it noschuld neuer
Knuere to be king ther as the kinde eyre,
Whille the kinges ferst sone were ther alme.
Than studies sche stifly, as stepmoders wol alle,
To do dernly a despit to here stepchilderen,
Ffeyli a mong foure schore vnnethe findestow on gode,
But truly tizt hadde that quene take hire to rede
To bring that barn in bale botles for euer,
That he ne schuld wiztli in this world neuer weld reaume.
Anoynement anon she made of so gret strengthe
Brenchaunsnens of charmes that euel chaunche hire tide,
That whan that womman that wizt hadde that worli child,
Ones wel an oynted the child wel al a bowte,
He wex to a werwolf wiztly ther after,
At the making of man so mysse hadde she schaped,
Ac his witt welt he after as wel as to fore.
But leüth other likenes that longeth to man kynne,
But awilde werwolf ne wele he neuer after.

And whanne this witly werwolf wiste him so
schaped,
He knew it was bi the craft of his kursed stepmoder,
And thouzt or he went a way he wold, zif he mizt,
Wayte hire sum wicked torn what bi tidde after,
And as bline boute bod he braydes to the quene,
And hent hire so hetterly to haue hire a strangeled,
That hire deth was neiz dizt, to deme the sothe ;
But carfuli gan sche crie so kenely, and lowde,
That maydenes and mizthi men manliche to hire
come,
And wolden brusten the best nad he be the lizttere,
And fled a way the faster in to ferre londes.
So that pertely in to poyle he yassed that time:
As this fortune bi fel that I told of bi fore.
Thus was this witty best werwolf ferst maked.
But now wol I stint a stounde of this sterne best,
And tale of the tidy child that y of told ere.
Thus passed is the first pas of this pris tale.
And ze that louen, and lyken to listen a ni more
Aue wizth on hol hert to the hen king of heuene
Preieth a pater noster priuely this time,
For the hend erl of herford sir humfray de bowne,
The king Edwards newe, at glouseter that ligges,

Ffor he of frensche this fayre tale ferst dede translate
In ese of Englysch men in englysch speche :
And god graunt hem his blis that godly so prayen.
Dene lordes now listenes of this litel barn
That the kinde kowherde wif keped so fayre,
And he wist it as wel, or bet as ȝif it were hire* owne,
Til hit big was, and bold to bunschen on felde,
And couthe ful craftily kepe alle here bestes,
And bring hem in the best lese whan hem bi stode nede,
And wited hem so wisly that wanted him neuer one.
A bowe al so that bold barn bi gat him that time,
And so to schote vnder the schawes scharplyche he lerned,
That briddes, and smale bestes with his bow he quelles,
So plenteousliche in his play, that pertly to telle,
Whanne he went hom eche nizt with is droue of bestis,
He com him self y charged with conyng, and hares,
With fesauns, and feld fares, and other foules grete,
That the herd and his hende wif and al his hole meyne

That bold barn with his bowe by that time fedde,
And zit hadde fell felawes in the forest eche day,
Zong bold barnes that bestes also keped,
And blithe was eche a barn no best mizt him plese
And folwe him for his fredom and for his faire
thewes,
For what thing William wan a day with his bowe,
Were it fethered foul, or foure foted best,
Ne wold this William neuer on with hold to him
selve
Til ane his felawes were ferst fessed to here paie,
So kynde, and so corteys comsed he there
That ane ledes him louede that loked on him ones,
And blesseden that him bare and brouzt in to this
worlde:
So moche manhed and murthe schewed that child
euer.
Hit tidde after on a time, as tellus oure bokes,
As this bold barn his bestes blytheliche keped,
The riche emperour of rome rod out for to hunte
In that faire forest, feithely for to telle,
With alle his menskful meyne that moche was, and
nobul;
Then fel it hap that thei founde ful sone a grete bor

And huntyng with hound and horn harde alle
sewede,
The emperowr entred in awey euene to attele
To haue bruttenet that bor and the abaie seythen,
But missely marked he is way, and so manly he rides,
That ane his wies were went ne wist he neuer whider
So ferforth * * * his men, fethly for to telle,
That of horn, ne of hound, ne mizt he here sowne,
And boute eny living lud left was he one
Themperour on his stif stede asty forth thanne takes,
To herken after his hondes other horn schille,
So komes a werwolf rizt bi that way thenne
Grimly after a gret hert, as that god wold,
And chased him thurth chaunce there the child
pleide
That kept the kowherdes bestes i carped of bi fore.
Themperour thanne hastely that huge best folwed,
As stiffuly as is stede mizt strecche on to renne,
But by than he com by that barn, and aboute loked,
The werwolf, and the wilde hert were a weye bothe.
That he ne wist in this world were thei were bi come,
Ne whiderward he schuld seche to se of hem more,
But thanne bi held he a boute and that barn of sethe
How fair, how fetys it was, and freliche schapen;
So fair a sizt of seg ne sawe he neuer one

Of lere, ne of lykaine lik him nas none
Ne of so sad a semblant that euer he say with.
Themperour wend witerly for wonder of that child
That * * * it were of feyrye, for faireness that it welt,
And for the curteys countenaunce that it kudde there.
Riztly thenne themperour wendes him euene tille
The child comes him agayn, and curtesleche him gretes,
In hast themperour hendely his gretyng him zeldes,
And a non riztes after askes his name.
And of what kin he were kome komanded him telle,
The child thanne soberliche, seide "sir at zoure wille
"I wol zow telle as tyl trewely all the sothe.
"William sire wel y wot wizes me calles,
"I was bore here fast bi by this wodes side,
"A knowherde sire of this kontrey is my kynde fader,
"And my menskful moder is his meke wiue;
"Thei han me fostered, and fed faire to this time,
"And here i kepe is kyn as y kan on dayes:
"But sire, by crist of my kin know i no more."
Whan thempour hade herd holly his wordes,
He wondered of his wis speche, as he wel mizt,

And seid, "thow bold barn bilme i the praye,
"Socalleto me the cowherde thow clepus thi fadere,
"Ffor y wold talk him tithinges to frayne."
"Nay sire bi god," quath the barn, "be ze rizt sure
"Bi crist that is krowned heye king of heuen,
"Ffor me non harm schal he haue neuer in his line,
"Ac perauenture thurth goddis so gode may turne it."
"Ffor thi bring him hider faire barn y preye."
"I schal sire," seide the child, "for y saufli the y hope
"I may worche on zour word to wite him fro harm."
"Za safliche," seide themperour, "so god zif me ioie."
The child witly thanne wende with oute ani more,
Comes to the couherdes hows, and clepud him sone,
Ffor he felzliche wen that he his fader where
And seide than, "swete sir szou criste help,
"Goth yond to a gret lord that gayly is tyred,
"And on the feirest frek for sothe that I haue seie,
"And he wilnes wiztli with zou to speke,
"Ffor godis loue goth til him swithe lest he a greued wex."
"What sone," seide the couherde, "seidestow i was here?"
"Za sire sertes," seide the child, "but he swore formest

" That ze schuld haue no harm, but hendely for
gode
" He praide zou com speke with him, and passe
azem sone."
The cherl gotthing forth goth with the gode child,
And euen to themperour thei etteleden sone.
Themperour anon rizt as he him of seie,
Clepud to him the couherde, and curteysly seide,
" Now telle me felawe, be thi feizth, for no thing
ne wonde,
" Sei thou euer themperour so the crist help;"
" Nay sire, bi crist," quath the couherde, " that
king is of heuen,
" I nas neuer zet so hardi to nezh him so nenae,
" There i shuld haue him seie so me wel tyme."
" Sertes," than seide themperour, " the sothe for to
knowe,
" That tham that ilk weizh i wol wel thou wite
" Al the regal of rome to riztle the y weld
" Therfore couherde i the coniuer, and com-
mande att alle,
" Bi vertu of thing that thou most in this world
louest,
" The atow telle me tiztly truely the sothe,
" Whether this bold barn be lelly thin owne,
" Other comen of other kin, so the crist helpe."

The couherd comsed to quake for kare, and for
dredе,
Whanne he wist witerly that he was his lorde,
And biliue in his hert be thou zif he him gun lye,
He wold prestely perceyue pertiliche him thout;
Ther fore trewely as tyt he told him the sothe,
How he him fond in that forest there fast bi side,
Clothed in comly clothing for any kinges sone,
Vnder an holw ok thurth help of his dogge,
And how faire he hade him fed, and fostered vij
winter.
" Bi crist," seide themperour, " y cou the gret
thonke,
" That thou hast me the soth of this semly childe
" And tine schalt thou nouzt thi trawayle y trow at
the last,
" Ac wend schal it with me witow for sothe,
" Min hert so harde wilnes to have this barne
" That i wol in no wise thou wite it no lenger."
Whan themperour so sayde, sothe for to telle,
The couherde was in care and can him no thing
white,
Ac witly dorst he nouzt werne the wille of his lord,
But graunted him goddeli on godis holy name
Ffor to worchen his wille, as lord with his owne.
Whan William this worthi child wist the sothe,

And knewe that the cowherde nas nouzt his kinde
fader,
He was wiztliche a wondered, and gan to wepe sore,
And seide saddely to him self sone ther after
" A gracious gode god thouz grettest of alle !
" Moch is thi mercy, and thi mizt, thi menske, and
thi grace !
" Now wot i neuer in this world of wham y am come,
" Ne what destene me is dizt, but god do his wille.
" Ac wel y wot witerly with oute ani faile
" To this man, and his meke wif most y am holde
" Ffor thei ful faire han me fostered, and fed a long
time,
" That god for his grete mizt al here god hem zeld,
" But not y neuer what to done to wende thus hem,
fro
" That han al kindenes me kyd, and y ne kan hem
zelde."
" Bi stille barne," quath themperour, " blinne of
thi sorwe,
" Ffor y hope that hai thi kin hastely here after
" Zif thou wolt zene the to gode swiche grace
may the faue,
" That alle thi frendes for dedes faire schal scow
quite."

" Za sire," quath the couherde, " zif crist wol that
cas may tyde,
" And god lene him grace to god man to worthe."
And than as tit to the child, he tauzt this lore,
And seide " thou swete sone seythe thou schalt
hennes wende,
" Whanne thou komest to kourt among the kete
lordes,
" And knowest alle the knythes that to kourt
langes;
" Bere the boxumly, and bounre that ich burn
the loue,
" Be meke, and mesurabul, nouzt of many wordes;
" Be no tellere of talis, but trewe to thi lord,
" And prestely for pore men profer the euer,
" Ffor hem to rekene withthe riche in rizt, and in
skille.
" Be feiztful, and fre, and euer of faire speche,
" And seruisabul to the simple so as the riche;
" And felawe in faire manere as falles for thi state
" So schallow gete goddes, and alle gode mennes,
loue.
" Leue, sone, this lessoun me lerde my fader,
" That knew of kourt the thewes for kourteour was
he long,
" And hald it in thi hert now i the haue it kenned,

The bet may the bi falle the worse boest
neuere."
The child weped alway wonderliche fast,
But themperour had god game of that gomes lore,
And comande the couherde curtesli, and fayre,
To heue vp that hende child bi hinde him on his
stede;
And he so dede deliuerly thouz him del thouzt,
And bi kenned him to crist that on croice was
peyned,
Thanne that barn as biliue by gan for to glade,
That he so realy schuld ride, and redeli as swithe
Fful curteisle of the couherde he ca * * es his leue,
And seythen seyde " swete sire i besche zou nowthe,
" Ffor goddes loue gretes ofte my godelyche moder
" That so faire hath me fed, and fostered til nowthe,
" And lellyche, zif our lord wol that I luf haue,
" Sche ne schal nouzt tyne hire trauayle, treuly
for sothe:
" And gode sire, for godes loue, also greteth wel oft
" Ane my freylichef elawes that to this forest longes;
" Han pertilyche in many places pleide with ofte
" Hugonet, and huet that Hende litel owery,
" And Abelot and Martynet Hugones gaie sone,
" And the cristen Akarm, that was my kyn fere,

" And the trewe kinnesman the payenes sone:
" And alle other frely felawes that thou faire knowes
" That god mak hem gode men for his mochel grace."
Of the names that he neumed, themperour nam hede
And had gaynliche god game for he so grette alle
Of his * * pers that he knewe so curteysliche and faire,
And than he kenned he the kouherde to crist, and to al alwes,
And busked forth with barn bliue on his gate.
The kouherde kayred to his house karful in hert,
And neiz to barst he for bale for the barnes sake,
And whan his wuf wist wittow for sothe,
How that child from here warde was wente for euer more,
Ther nis man on this mold that mizt half telle
The wo, and the weping that womman made:
Sche wold haue sleie hire self there sothly as bliue,
Ne hade the kind kouherde conforted here the betere,
And pult hire in hope to haue gret help ther of after.
But trewely of them at his time the tale y lete
Of themperour, and the bold barn to bigynne to speke.

Lordes lusteneth her to zif zou lef thinkes
Themperour blithe of the barn on his blonk rides
Ffast til the forest, til he fond al his fre ferd,
That hadde take that time moche trye game,
Both bores, and beres fele hors charge,
Hertes, and hindes, and other bestes manye :
And when the loneli hides seie here lord come,
Thei were geinliche glad, and gretten him faire ;
But alle awondered thei were of the barn him bi hinde,
So faire, and so fetyse it was, and freliche schapen,
And freyned faire of themperour whar he it founde hadde.
He gaf hem answere agayn, that god it him sent,
Other wise wist not where he it founde.
Than rod he forth with that route in to Rome euene,
And euer that bold barn by hinde him sat stille,
So passed he to the paleys, and presteliche a lizt,
And William that choys child in to his chaumber ledde,
A dere damisele to douzter this emperour hadde thanne,
Of ane fasoun the fairest that euer freke seize,
And witerly William and she were of on held,
As euene as ani wizt schuld attely bi sizt,

And that menskful mayde Melior was hoten:
A more curteyse creature, ne cunnyngere of hire age,
Was nouzt thanne in this worlde that ani wizt knewe.
Themperour to that mayde mekliche wendeth,
And William that worthi child with him he ladde,
And seide, "dere douzter y do the to wite,
"I haue a pris present to plese with thi hert,
"Haue here this bold barn, and be til him meke,
"And do him kepe clenly for kome he his of gode.
"I hent this at hunting, swiche hap god me sent."
And told here thanne, as til trewli al the sothe,
How he hade missed is mayne, and maskrid aboute,
And how the Werwolf wan him bi with a wilde hert,
And how sadly he him sewed to have slayn that dere,
T'l thei hade brouzt him there that barn bestes kept,
And how sone of his seizt the bestes seythen mare,
And how the couherde com him to, and was a knowe the sothe,
How he him fond in that forest ferst that faire child,
And how komeliche y clothed for ani kinges sone,
And how the kouherde for kare cumsed to sorwe,
Whanne he wold with the child wende him fromme,

And how boldely that barn bad the couherde thanne
To grete wel his gode wiif, and gamely ther after
Ane his freliche felawes bi forn as i told,
And " ther fore my dere dowter,"themperour seide,
" Ffor mi lof loke him wel, for leily me thinkes,
" Bi his menskful maneres, and his man hede,
" That he is kome of god kiñ, to crist y hope,
" And seythe sike i, and sing samen to ge dere,
" And melt neizh for mournyng, and moche ioie make;
" Min hert hol i haue now, for al that hard y fele,
" Saue a fers feiutise folwes me oft,
" And takes me so tenefully, to telle al the sothe,
" That I mase al marred for mournyng neizh hondes
" But redeliche in that res the retunerere that me falles,
" As whan I haue ani hap to here of that barne
" Ffor whan myn hertis so hampered, and aldes so nobul,
" That flour is of alle frebes of fairnes, and mizt,
" Prince is non his pere, ne in paradizs non aungel,
" As he semes in my sizt; so faire is that burne
" I haue him portreide, and paynted in mi hert with inne,
" That he sittus in mi sizt, me thinkes euer more

" And faire so his figure is festened in mi zout,
" That with no coyntise, ne craft ne can y it out scrape.
" And, be marie, thouzh i mizt to mengge al the sothe,
" I ne wold nouzt for al this world so wel it me likes,
" Theiz i winne with mi werk the worse euer more,
" So gret liking and loue i haue that lud to bi hold,
" That i hade leuer that loue than lat al mi harmes,
" Nou certes, seythe it is so, to seie the trewthe,
" I hann haue y had gret wrong myn so to blame,
" Ffor eni werk that he wrouzt seythe, i wol it hold,
" Ne wold i it were non other al the world to haue.
" Whom schal i it wite but mi wicked eyzen,
" That lad myn hert throuz loking this langour drye.
" Nad thei i aboute bale haue schaped,
" Redeli bi resoun, therfore, hem rette i mai mi sorwe,
" But thanne thouzt che that throwe in this selue wise,
" Min ezen sorly aren sogettes to serue min hert,
" And buxum ben to his bidding, as boie to his master,

" Eke, wite i al the wrong, the werk of mi eizen,
" And thouzh sertes so may i nouzt by no sothe rizt
" Ffor seythe i knowe that mi sizt is seruanr to
mi hert
" And alle my nother wolnk wittes to wirthen his
hest,
" For thouzh i sette my sizt sadly on a thing,
" Be hit briztter, other bronn, beter other worse,
" Mi sizt may in no maner more barme wirche,
" But zif min hauteyn hert the harde asente,
" Eke, sothly my sizt is sojet to my hert,
" And doth nouzt but his dener, as destine wol falle.
" Than has my hasty hert holly the wrong.
" Him wol i blame, and banne, but he my bales
amende
" That hath him so strangely set in swithe straunge
burne,
" That wot neuer in this world whennes that he
come
" But as my fader him fond in forest an herd,
" Keping mennis kin of the kuntre aboute,
" What fy schold i a fundeling for his fairenesse
tak?
" Nay my wille wol not asent to my wicked hert,
" Wel kud kinges, and kaysers krauen me i now,

" I nel leie mi loue so lowe now at this time.
" Desparaged were i disgisil e zif i dede in this wise,
" I wol breke out finer that baret, and blame my hert."
Sche turned here than tiztly to haue slept a wile,
And seide sadly, of hire hert sche wold seche, amendis,
Ffor sche so wrongly had wrouzt; but wiztly ther after
Sche seide, sikinde, to here self in this selue wise,
" Nouz witterly ich am vn wis and wonderliche nyce,
" Thus vn hendly, and hard in hert, to blame,
" To whom mizt i me mene amendis of him to haue,
" Seythe i am his souerayn mi selue in alle thing,
" Nis he holly at my hest in hard and in nesche,
" And now, bi crist i knowe wel for al my care newe,
" He wrouzt neuer bot my worchepe ne wol nouzt i leue,
" I se wel he hath set him self in so nobul a place,
" That perles of alle puple is preised ouer alle,
" Of fairnesse, of facioun, and frely theuwes,
" Ffor kurteysie vnder krist is king, ne kud duk

" And thouzh he as fundeling where founde in the
forest wilde,
" And kept with the kowzherde kin, to karp the
sothe,
" Eche creature may know he was kome of gode,
" Ffor first whan the fre was in the forest founde
in his denne,
" In comely clothes was he clad for any kinges
sone,
" Whan he kom first to this kourt bi kynde than
he schewde,
" His maneres were so menskful amende hem mzt
none,
" And seythe forsothe til this time non vn tetche
he, ne wrouzt,
" But hath him bore so buxumly, that ich burn
him preyseth,
" And vth a burn of this world, worchipeth him
one,
" Kinges, and kud dukes, kene kniztes, and other,
" Thouzh he were komen of no ken but of kende
cherls,
" As i wot witterly so was he neuere.
" But with worchepe, i wene, i mizt him wel loue;
" And seythe he so perles is preised ouer princes,
and other,

" And eche lord of this lond is lef him to plece,
" Ffor most souereyn seg, and semlyest of thewes,
" Thanne haue i wited alle wrong the work of myn
herte,
" Ffor he has don his denere dignely, as he out;
" He het me most worthi of wommen holde in erthe,
" Kindely, thurth kinrade of cristen lawe,
" Ffor thi myn herte hendely has wrouzt in his
dedes,
" To sette him self so sadly in the souerayncst
burne,
" That lenis in ani lond, of alle ludes preised,
" I ne wot neuere in this world what wise he mizt
betere;
" Wirche forme in this world, my worschipe to saue,
" Ffor zif eny man on mold more worthi were
" Min hert is so hauteyn, that herre he wold
" And for i so wrongely haue wrougt to wite him
me greues,
" I give me holly in his grace, as gilty for that ilk,
" And to mende my misse, i make myn a vowe,
" I wol here after, witerly with oute more strine,
" Wirche holly mi hertes wille to harde, and to
nesche,
" And leye my loue on that lud lelly for euere.

" To god, here i gif a gift, it gete schal neuer
 other,
" Wile him lasteth the liif, my loue i him grante."
And whan sche sow as asented, sche seide sone
 after,
Sadli sikand, and sore for sorwe atte here hert,
" Nas i trowe this bitter bale botlesse wol hende,
" Ffor i not in world this how that worthi child
" Schal euer wite of my wo with oute me selue,
" Nay sertes my selue schal him neuer telle,
" Ffor that were swiche a wozh tha neuer wolde
 be mended :
" Ffor he mizt ful wel for a fol me hold,
" And to him lothe in loue; zit haue y leuer deie,
" Nay best beth it nouzt, so zif better mizt bi falle,
" Ich mot worche other wise, zif i wol out spede;
" What i suppose the selue zif it so bi tidde,
" That i wrouzt so wodly, and wold to him speke,
" That were, semlyest to seye, to saue my
 worchep,
" Zif i told him treuli my tene, and myn anger,
" What liif, for longyng of loue, i lede for his sake,
" He wold wene i were wod, or witerly schorned,
" Or that i dede, for despit, to do him a schoude,
" And that were a schamly schenchip to schende
 me euer.

" What, ȝif i saide him sadly, that i sek were,
" And told him al treuly the entetches of myn
euele,
" He knoweth nouzt of that * * , bi crist, as it rowe
" Wherfore he ne schold in no wise wite what i
mente,
" But whanne i hade al me mened, no more nold
he seie"
But " serteinly swete damisele that me sore vexes
Thanne wold mi wo wex al newe,
" And doubel is nouz mi duel, for i ne darhit
schewe,
" Allas! whi ne wist that wizt what wo that me
eyles!
" What sorwes, and sikingges i suffer for his sake!
" I sayle now in the see, as schip boute mast,
" Boute anker, or ore, or ani semlyche sayle,
" But heizh heuene king, to gode hauene me
sende,
" Other laske mi liif daywes with inne a litle
terme."
Thus that maiden Meliors in mornyng tha liuede,
And hit held hire so harde, i hete the for sothe,
And schortily with in seuenizt al hire slep sche
leues,
Here mete, and al merthe sche missed in a while,

And seccleled in a seknesse, the sothe for to telle,
That ther nas leche in no lond that liif hire bihizt.
Zit couthe non by no craft knowen hire sore,
But duelfulli sche dwined a waie, bothe dayes, and niztes,
And al hire clere colour comsed for to fade.
Thanne hadde this menskful Melior, maydenes fele,
A begned hire to serue, and to seuwe hire aboute.
But, among alle the maidenes, most sche loued one,
That was a digne damisele, to deme al the sothe,
And komen of hire oune kin her kosm ful nere,
Of lumbardie a dukes douzter, ful derworth in wede,
And that amiabul maide Alisaundrine a hizt,
And from the time that Melior gan morne so strong,
That burd was euer hire bi, busy hire to plese,
More than an other damisele, so moche sche hire louede.
And whan sche seiz here so sek, sche seide on a time,
" Now, for marie madame the milde quene of henene,
" Zut bi cas of cunsail, ful wel can ich hele,
" And be tristy, and trew to zow for euer more,
" And help zow hasteli at al zoure hele to gete,
" Zif ze saie me zoure sores, and ith se what may gayne."

Whan Melior that meke mayde herd Alisaundrines wordes,
And with a sad sikyng, seide to hire thanne,
Sche was gretly gladed of hire gode bi hest,
" A curteyse cosyne crist mot the it zelde,
" Of thi kynde cumfort that thow me knyest nowthe
" Thow hast warsched me wel with thi mede wordes,
" I zine me al in thi grace to gete me sum hele,
" As thow me here has be hizt of mi harde peynes,
" Now wol i telle the my tene, wat so tide after,
" Serteynly, this seknesse that so sore me greues,
" Is feller than any frek that euer zit hadde,
" And ofter than ix times hit taketh me a daye,
" And ten times on the nizt, nouzt ones lesse,
" And al comes of a throly thouzt that thirles min hert.
" I wold meng ai mi mater, zif i mizt for schame,
" Ac wond wol ich nouzt to the witow for sothe
" Ay whan ich hent the haches, that so hard aren
" It komses of a kene thouzt that ich haue in hert,
" Of William that bold barn that alle burnes praisen,
" Nis no man upon mold that more worchip winnes,
" Him so propirli haue i peinted, and portreide in herte,
" That me semes in mi seizt he sittes euer meke;
" What man so ich mete with, or mele with speche,

" Me thinkes euerich throwe that barn is that other
" And fele times haue ich fouded to flitte it fro thouzt,
" But witerly al in wast; than worche ich euer.
" Ther for, curteise cosynes, for loue of crist in heuene,
" Rithe now thi kindenes, and konseyl me the best,
" Ffor but ich haue bote of mi bale bi a schort time,
" I am ded as dore nail: Now do al thi wille."
Thanne Alisaundrine, a non after that ilk,
Wax gretly awondered, and wel hire bi thouzt
What were hire kuddest comfort hire care to lisse,
And seide thanne til hire softily, sone ther after,
" A madame for marie loue mornes no lenger."

JACKE OF THE NORTHE BEYONDE THE STYLE SPEAKETH.

(EX M.S to APUD BIBL: CORP: XTI: CANT:)

It is yet but a whyle,
Sens, that I Jacke of the Style,
Came forthe of ye Northe;
I tell ye evyn the trothe,
Beynge shamfully blamed,
Yea, and gyltles dyffamyd;
For it was reportyd than,
That here I had slayne a man,
That same shamefull report,
Causyd me for to retort
Evyn now hyther agayne.
This truthe I tell playne.
It was neuer my dede,
No—so God me spede:
For it was other man,
That shafe nygh the brayn pan

It war allmost he war slayn
For usyng suche a trayn,
For kyllyg of that pykerall,
Makyng hym a funerall;
But than the bayles so wrought
Agayn was out bought,
Redemig agayn for nought,
The myschieve that he had soughte,
In sleying that honest man
With the stroke of a fyre pan.
Now for that slawnder's sake,
Companye be nyght I take
And with all that I may make
Cast bodye and * * * * in the lake,
Fyxed with many a stake,
Tho' it war never so faste,
Yet asondre it is wraste.
Thus I take do recompense
Ther naughty slawnderous offense,
Wher as they make me a murderer,
And of dethe a furderer.
I take God to wytness
I am of it gyltless.
For as I am true speaker,
I am but a hedge breaker,

I reporte me now oute
To thes that be of my rowte,
To bragge, so bolde, and stowte.
How sayst thou Robyn Lowte
Is thys ryghte well wroughte,

ROBYN CLOUTE.

Ye syr wythout doughte
Be God that me boughte.
It is as ye do saye.
But, syr, without delaye
We thought it but a playe,
To see ye stake fast straye,
Down into the raye,
Swymyng wer more awaye,
Saylyng towarde the castylle,
Lyke as the wolde wrastyll
For superyoryte,
Or ells for ye meyraltye.
Truth now thou dost saye,
It was evyn worthe a playe
To see the stake jomblyng,
And in the water tumblyng,
And fast awaie they hyed,
Lest they should been spyed,
And withe a bote been followyd,

And with a sargeant arested,
For to come to the mayer
In all gudly affair:
To be taken suspecyous,
Or ells provyd feloneous,
Accordinge unto ther rate
Mayteinȳg ther potestate.
How sayst Tom of Trompyngton?

TOM OF TROMPYNGTON.

For sothe, syr, down to Chesterton
Grat store of stake begone,
Jurynyng thither one by one
Glad they have escapyd,
And not of the bayles attacked,
Wherfore they hyed thē hense,
Payeng yet no toll pence,
Wytness Robyn with the red rose,
And Benett with the blue hose,
And frawnies few close;
Ye affirme the same, I suppose,
How sayest Buttynge on the hyll?
Hast not yet wrought thy fyll?
Syr, I saye, so mott I leve,
I wold be thus wrought tyll eve,

Than I see at such a bargony,
You woldyst erne money largely,
For I thynke that thys worke,
Was gud as to byld a kyrcke ;
For Cambridge baylers truly
Gyve yll examples to the countrye,
Ther commyn lykewyse to engrose
And from pore men yt to enclose.

THE KYNG AND THE HERMYT.

IHESU that is hevyn kyng
Giff them all god endyng.
  (If it be thy wyll.)
And gif them parte of hevenly game,
That well can call *gestes same
  With mete and drinke to fylle.
When that men be glad and blyth,
Tham were solas god to lyth,
  He that wold be stylle.
Off a kyng I wyll you telle,
What a ventore hym be felle,
  He that wyll herke theretylle.

It be felle be god Edwerd's deys,
Ffor soth so the romans seys,
  Herkyng I will you telle.
The Kyng to Scherwod gan wend,
On hys pleyng for to lend,

Ffor to solas hym that stond,
The grete herte for to hunte,
In frythys and in felle.
With ryall fests and feyr ensemblè
With all ye lordys of that contrè
With hym ther gan thei well.

Tyll it be fell upon a day.
To hys forstere he gan sey,
" Ffelowys were is the best?
" In your playng wher ye have bene?
" Were have ye most gam sene
" Off dere in this forest?"
They answerd, and fell on kne,
" Over all, Lord, is gret plente
" Both est and west,
" We may schew you at a syht
" Two thousand dere this same nyht
" Or ye son go to reste."

An old forester, drew hym nere,
" Lyfans Lord, I saw a dere
" Under a tre,
" So grete a hed as he bare
" Sych one saw I never are,

" No feyrer myht be,
" He is more than any two,
" That ever I saw on erth go,"
Than seyd the kyng so fre,
" Thy waryson I will ye geve
" Ever more whyll you doyst lyve,
" That dere you late me se,

*

Upon the morne thei ryden fast
With hounds and with hornes blast
To wodde than are thei wente
*Netts and gynnes than leyd he,
Every archer to hys tre,
With bowys redy bent,
They blew thrys, uncoupuld hounds,
They reysed the dere up that stonds,
So nere that span and sprent
The hounds all as they were wode
They ronne the dere as they were wode
The kyng hys hors he hent

*

The kyng sate one a god coreser
Ffast he rode after ye dere,
And chasyd hym ryght fast,
Both throw thyke and thine,

Throw the forest he gan wyn
  With hounds and hornes blast.
The kyng had followyd hym so long,
Hys god sted was ne strong,
  Hys hert awey was past,
Horn ne hunter myght he not here,
So ranne the hounds at the dere,
  A wey was at the last.

The kyng had folowyd hym so long
Ffro mydey to the ev'ning song,
  That lykyd hym full ille.
He ne wyst were that he was,
Ne out of the forest for to passe,
  And thus he rode all wylle.
" Whyle I may the dey liht se
" Better is to loge under a tre"
  He seyd hym selve untylle.
The kyng cast in hys wytte.
" Gyff I stryke into a pytte
  " Hors and man myght spylle.

" I have herd pore men call at morow
" Seynt Julyan send yem god harborow
  " When they had nede

" And that when that they were travyst,
" And of herborow were abayst,
"He wole them wysse and rede.
" Seynt Julyan, as I ame trew knyht,
" Send me grace this iche nyght,
" Of god harborow to sped.
" A gift I schall thee gyve,
" Every here whyll that I lyve,
" Ffolke for thy sake to fede."

As he rode whyll he had lyht,
And at the last he hade syght
Off an hermyte hym be syde,
Off that syght he was full feyn.
Ffor he wold gladly be in the pleyn
And theder he gan to ryde.
An hermytage he tound there,
He throwyd a chapell that it were,
Than seyd the kyng that tyde
" Now seynt Julyan a bone ventyll
" As pylgrymes know full wele
" Yonder I wyll abyde."

A lytell gate he fond ney
There on he gan to call and cry,

That within myght here.
That herd an hermyte there within,
Unto the gate he gan to wyn,
Bedyng his preyer.
And when the hermyt saw the kyng,
He seyd; "Sir gode evynyng"
"Wele worth thee, Sir Frere."
"I prey thee I myht be thy gest,
"Ffor I have ryden wyll in this forest,
"And nyght neyhes me nere."

The hermyte seyd, "So mote I the,
"Ffor sych a lord as ye be,
"I have non herborow tyll,
"Bot if it be soe pore a wyght,
"I ne der not herbor hym a nyht,
"But he for faute schuld spyll.
"I wone here in wyldernes,
"With rotys and rynds among wyld bests,
"As it is my lords wylle."

The kyng seyd, "I ye beseche
"The wey to the toune thou wold me teche;
"And I schall thee be hyght,
"That I schall thy trevell quyte

" That thou schall me not wyte,
" Or passyth this fortnyht
" And if thou wyll not, late thy knave go,
" To teche me a myle or two,
" The whylys I have dey lyght."
" By Seynt Mary," said the frere,
" Schorte sirvys getys thou here,
" And I can rede a ryght."

Than seyd the Kyng, " My dere frend
" The wey to the towne if I schuld wynd
" How fer may it be?
" Syr," he seyd, " so mote I thryve.
" To the towne is myles fyve
" Ffrom this long tre.
" A wyld wey I hold it were,
" The wey to wend I you swere,
" Bot ye the dey may se."
Than seyd the kyng " Bi gods myght
" Ermyte, I schall here abode with thee this nyght,
" And els I were wo."

" Me thinke," seyd the hermyte, " thou art a
" stoute syre,
" I have ete up all the hyre

" That ever thou gafe me,
" Were I oute of my hermyte wede
" Off thy favyll I wold not dred,
" Thaff thou were sych thre,
" Loth I were with thee to fyght,
" I will herbor thee all nyght,
" And it be-hovyth so be,
" Such gode as thou fynds here, take,
" And aske thyn in for God's sake."
" Gladly sir," sayd he.

Hys stede in to the hous he lede
With litter son he gaf hym bed
Met ne was there now
The frere he had bot barly stro,
Two thake bendsfull without no,
Ffor soth it was furth born.
Before the hors the kyng it leyd.
" Be Seynt Mary," the hermyte seyd,
" Every thing have we non,"
The kyng seyd, " Gramsy frere,
" Wele at ease ame I now here,
" A nyht wyll son be gon."

The kyng was never so servysable,
He hew the wode and kepyd the stable,
God far he gan hym dyght.
And made hym ryght well at es,
And ever the fyre befor hys nese,
Brynand feyr and bryht.
" Leve Ermyte," seyd the kyng,
" Mete and thou have any thing,
" To soper you us dyght,
" For sirteynly, as I thee sey,
" I ne had never so sory a dey,
" That I ne had a mery nyght."

The kyng seyd " Be Gods are
" And I such an hermyte were
" And wonyd in this forest
" When forsters were gon to slep
" Than I wold cast off my cope
" And wake both est and weste
" With a bow of hue full strong
" And arowys knyte in a thong
" What wold me lyke best.
" The kyng of venyson hath non nede,
" Hit myght me hape to have a brede
" To glad me and my gest."

The hermyte seyd to the kyng,
" Leve sir where is thy dwellyng
" I praye you wolde me sey"
" Sir, he seyd, so mote I the
" In the kyngs courte I have be
" Duellyng many a dey,
" And my lord rode on huntyng,
" As grete lords doth many tyme,
" That giff them myche to pley,
" And after a grete hert have we redyn
" And mekyll travell we have byden
" And yit he scape a way.

" To-dey erly in the mornyng,
" The kyng rode on huntyng,
" And all the courte beden,
" A dere we reysed in that stonds.
" And gane chase with our hounds,
" A feyrer had never man sene.
" I have folowyd hym all this dey,
" And ryden many a wylsom wey,
" He dyd me trey and tene.
" I pray thee helpe me, I were at es
" Thou bought never so god sirvege
" In sted there thou hast bene

The ermyte seyd " So God me save,
" Thou take sych gode as we have,
" We schall not hyll with thee."
Bred and chese forth he brouht,
The kyng ete whyles hym thouht,
Non othyr mete saw he,
Sethen thyn drynke he droughe,
Ther on he had sone inoughe,
Than seyd the kyng so fre,
" Hermyt pute up this mete tyte,
" And if I may I schall ye quyte
" Or passyd be thes monthys thre."

Then seyd the kyng, " Be Gods grace!
" Thou wonys in a mery place,
" To schote thou schuld lere,
" When the forsters are go to rest,
" Som tyme thou myht have off the best,
" All of the wylld dere
" I wold hold it for no skath
" Thoff thou had bow and arowys bothe,
" All thoff thou be a frere.
" Ther is no foster in all this fe
" That wold sych herme to thee,
" There thou may leve here.

The Armyte seyd, " So mote thou go
" Hast thou any othyr herand than so
" On to my lord the kyng,
" I schall be trew to hym, I trow,
" Ffor to wayte my lords pr[illegible],
" Ffor dred of sych a thin[illegible].
" Ffor iff I were take with sych a dede
" To the courte thou wold me lede,
" And to prison me bryng.
" Bot if I myght my ransom gete,
" Be bound in prison and sorow grete
" And in perell to hyng."

Than seyd the kyng, " I would not lete
" When thou arte in this forest sette
" To stalke when men are at rest,
" Now as thou arte a trew man,
" Iff you ouht a scheting can
" Ne hyll it not with your gest
" Ffor be hym that dyed on tre
" Ther schall no man wyte for me
" Whyll my lyve wyll last
" Now hermyte for thy professyon
" Giff thou have any venison
" Thou giff me of the best."

The ermyte seyd, " Men of grete state
" Our ordyr they wold make full of bate
" And on to prison bryng

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" Aboute schych mastery
" To be in preyer and in penans,
" And arne ther met by chans,
" And not be archery.

" Many dey I have her ben
" And flesche mete I ete non
" Bot mylke off the ky.*
" Warme thee wele and go to slepe,
" And I schall lape thee with my cope,
" Softly to lyke.

" Thou semys a felow," seyd the frere,
" It is long gon seth any was here,
" Bot thou thy selve to nyght."
Unto a cofyr he gan go
And toke forth candylls two

And sone there were a lyght.
A cloth he brought, and bred full whyte,
And venyson ybake tyte:
Agen he yede full ryght,
Venyson salt and fresch he brouht,
And bade him chese wher off hym thougt,
Colopys for to dyght.

Well may ye wyte ynow they had,
The kyng ete and made hym glad,
And grete laugtere he lowghe,
" Nere I had spoke of archery,
" I myht have ete my bred full dryhe,"
The kyng made it full towghe.
" Now Cryst's blyssing have sych a frere,
" That thus cane ordeyn our soper,
" And stalke under the wode bowe.
" The kyng hym selves so mote I the,
" Is not better at es than we
" And we have drinke inowhe."

The hermyte seyd, " Be Seynt Savyoure
" I have a pott of galons foure
" Standyng in a wro.

" Ther is bot thou, and I, and my knave,
" Som solas schall we have,
" Sethyn we are no mo."
The hermyte callyd hys knave full ryht,
Wyllyn Alyn for soth he hyght,
And bad hym be lyve and go.
And taught hym privetly to a sted,
To feche the hors corne and bred.
" And luke that thou do so"

Unto the knave seyd the frere,
" Ffelow go wyhtly here
" Thou do as I thee sey.
" Be syde my bed thou must goe
" And take up a floute of strawe
" Als softly, as thou may
" A hownyd pote ther standys there,
" And God forbot that we it spare,
" To drynke to it be dey.
" And bryng me forth my schell,
" And every man schall have his dele,
" And I schall kene us pley.

The hermyte seyd, " Now schall I se
" Iff thou any felow be,

" Or off pley canst ought."
The kyng seyd, " So mote I the,
" Sey you what thou will with me
" Thy wyll it schall be wrouht."
" When the coppe comys into the plas,
" Canst thou sey, ' fusty bandyas,'
" And think it in your thouht.
" And you schall here a totted frere
" Sey ' Stryke pantnere,' (vel pantnere)
" And in ye cope leve ryht nouht."

And when the coppe was forth brought,
It was oute of the kyngs thouht,
That word that he schuld sey.
The frere seyd " fusty bandyas,"
Then seyd thee kyng " Alas! alas!"
His word it was a wey
" What art you mad," seyd the frere,
" Canst thou not sey stryke pantnere,
" Wylt thou lerne all dey
" And if thou efte forgete it ons,
" Thou gets no drinke in this wons.
" Bot giff thou thinke upon thy pley."

‘ Ffusty bandias,’ the frere seyd
And gafe the coppe such a breyd,
  That well nyh of izede,
The knave fyllyd and up it zede in plas
The kyng seyd “ fusty bandyas.”
  Ther to hym stod gret nede.
“ Ffusty bandyas,” seyd the frere
How long hast thou stond here
  Or thou couth do thy dede
Ffyll this efte and late us lyke,
And between rost us a styke,
  Thus holy lyve to lede.

*

The knave fyllyd the coppe full tyte,
And brouht it furth with grete delyte,
  Be for hym gan it stand,
“ Ffusty bandyas” seyd the frere
The kyng sey'd “ stryke pantnere”
  And toke it in hys hand,
And stroke halve and more,
“ Thys is ye best pley, I suere,
  “ That ever I saw in lond.
“ I hyght thee hermyte I schall thee give,
“ I schall thee quyte if yt I lyve
  “ The god pley thou hast us fond.”

" Than seyd the hermyte, " God quyte all,
" Bot when thou comys to thy lords haule,
" Thou wyll for gete the frere
" Bot wher thou comyst nyght ore dey
" Yit myght thou thynk upon the pley
" That thou hast sene here.
" And thou com among gentyll men
" They wyll laugh then hem it ken
" And make full mery chere,
" And iff thou comys here for a nyht
" A colype I dere thee behyht
" All of the wyld dere."

The kyng seyd " Be hym that me bouht,
" Syre," he seyd, " ne think it nouht
" That thou be there forgete.
" To morrow sone when it is dey
" I schall quyte if that I may
" All that we have here ete.
" And when we come to the kings gate
" We shall not long stond there-ate
" In we schall be lete
" And by my feyth I schall not blyne
" Tyll the best that is there ine
" Be tween us two be sete"

The Ermyte seyd. " By him that me bouht,
" Syre," he sevd, " ne thinke it nouht,
" I swere ve by my ley,
" I have be ther and takyn dele.
" And have hade many merey mele.
" I dare full savely sey
" Hopys thou I wold for a mase
" Stond in the myre there and dase
" Neyhand halve a dey
" Ther charyte c mys thorow such menys hend,
" He havys full lytell that stond at hend,
" Or that he go a wey

" Hopys thou that I am so preste
" For to stond at the kyng gate and reste,
" Ther pleys for to lere.
" I have neyhbors her nygh hand
" I send them of my presente
" Be syds of the wyld dere.
" Off my presants they are feyn
" Bred and ale they send me ageyn
" Thus gates lyve I here."
The king seyd. " So mote I the
Hermyte, me pays wele with thee,
" Thou arte a horpyd frere"

The kyng seyd " Yit myght thou come in dey
" Unto the courte for to pley
" A venteroys for to sene
" Thou wote not what thee be tyde may
" Or that thou gon a wey
" The better thou may bene
" Thoff I be here in pore clothing
" I ame no bayschyd for to bryng
" Gestys two or thre
" Ther is no man in all this wouys
" That schall myssey to thee onys
" Bot as I sey so schall it be,"

Sertis seyd the hermyte than.
" I hope you be a trew man,
" I schall a ventore the gate,
" Bot tell me first, leve syre,
" After what man schall I spyre,
" Both erly and late."
" Jhake Flecher, that is my name,
" All men knowys me at home
" I am at young man state,
" And thoff I be here in pore wede
" I syeh a stede I can ye lede,
" There we schall be made full hate."

" Aryse up, Jake, and go with me,
" And more of my privyte
" Thou schall se som thyng."
Into a chambyr he hym lede,
The kyng sauwe aboute ye hermytes bed
Brod arowys hynge.
The frere gaff him a bow in hond.
" Jake," he seyd, " draw up the bond."
He myght oneth styre the streng.
" Sir ;" he seyd, " so have I blys,
" There is no archer that may schot in this,
" That is with my lord the kyng."

An arow of an elle long
In hys bow he it throng,
And to the hede he gan it hale.
" Ther is no dere in this foreste,
" And it wolde one hym feste ;
" Bot it schuld spyll his skale
" Jake sith thou can of flecher crafte,
" Thou may me ese with a schafte."
Than seyd Jake, " I schall."

" Jake and I wyst that thou were trew,
" Or and I thee better knew,
" More thou schuld se"

The kyng to hym grete othys swer,
" The covennand we made whyle are,
" I wyll that it hold be."
Tyll two trowys he gan hym lede,
Off venyson there was many brede,
" Jake how thinkes thee?
" Whyle there is dere in this forest,
" Som tyme I may have of the best
" The kyng wyte save on me.

" Jake and you wyll have a of myn arowys have
" Take thee of them and in thou leve
" And go we to our pley."
And thus thei sate with fusty bandyas
And with stryke pantnere in that plas,
Tyll it was nere hand dey.
When tyme was com there rest to take,
On morn they rose when they gon wake.
The frere he gan to sey.
" Jake I wyll with thee go,
" In thy felowschype a myle ore two,
" Tyll you have redy weys,

Then seyd the kyng. " Mekyll thanke,
" Bot when we last nyght to gether dranke
" Thinke what thou me be hyght.

" That thou schuld com som dey
" Unto the courte for to pley,
  " When tyme thou se thou myght.'
" Sertis," seyd ye hermyte, than,
" I schall com, as I ame trew man,
  " Or to morrow at nyght."
Either betaught other gode dey
The kyng toke the redy wey
  Home he rode full ryght

Knyghtes and squyres many mo
All that nyght they rode and go
  With syheng and sorowyng sore
They cryhed and blew with hydoys bere,
Giff they myht of there lord here,
  Wher that ever he were.
When the kyng hys bugyll blew,
Knyhtes and forsters wele it knew,
  And lystin'd to him there.
Many man that wer masyd and made,
The blast of that horn made them glad,
  To the towne than gan they fare.

* * * * * * *

HEERE BEGINNETH A MERY IEST OF DANE HEW MUNK OF LEICESTRE, AND HOW HE WAS FOURE TIMES SLAIN AND ONCE HANGED.

"In olde time there was in Lecester town
An Abbay of Munks of great renown,
As ye shall now after heer:
But amongst them all was one there
That passed all his brethern iwis,
His name was Dane Hew, so haue I blis,
This Munk was yung and lusty,
And to fair women he had a fansy,
And for them he laid great wait in deed:
In Leicester dwelled a Tayler I reed,
Which wedded a woman, fair and good;
They looued eche other, by my hood;
Seuen yeer, and somwhat more,
Dane Hew looued this taylers wife sore;
And thought alway in his minde,
When he might her alone finde;

And how he might her assay,
And if she would not to say him nay.
Upon a day, he said, fair woman free,
Without I haue my pleasure of thee,
I am like to go from my wit:
Sir, she said, I haue many a shrewd fit
Of my husband euery day.
Dame, he said, say not nay;
My pleasure I must haue of thee;
What so euer that it cost mee.
She answered and said, if it must needes be,
Come to morrow vnto me,
For then my husband rideth out of the town,
And then to your wil I wil be bown;
And then we may make good game,
And if ye come not ye be to blame;
But, Dane Hew, first tel thou me
What that my rewarde shalbe.
Dame, he said, by my fay,
Twenty nobles of good money;
For we wil make good cheer this day:
And so they kist and went their way.
The tayler came home at euen, tho,
Like as he was wunt to doo:

And his wife tolde him all, and some;
How Dane Hew in the morning would come,
And what her meed of him should be.
What? dame thou art mad so mot I thee,
Wilt thou me a cuckolds hood giue?
That should me shrewdly greeue!
Nay, sir, she said, by sweet saint Iohn,
I wil keep my self a good woman!
And get thee money also iwis,
For he hath made therof a promisse:
Tomorow earely heer to be,
I know wel he wil not fail me;
And I shall lock you in the chest,
That ye out of the way may be mist:
And whē Dane Hew commeth hether early,
About fiue of the clock truely;
For at that time his houre is set,
To come hether then without any let;
Then I shall you call full lightly,
Look that ye come vnto me quickly.
And when the day began to appeer in y^e^. morning,
Dane Hew came thitherwarde fast renning;
He thought that he had past his houre,
Then softly he knocked at the taylers door;

She rose vp and bad him come neer;
And said, Sir, welcome be ye heer.
Good morow (he said) gentle mistris,
Now tel me where your husband is,
That we may be sure indeed?
Sir, she said, so God me speed,
He is foorth of the town,
And wil not come home til after noon.
With that Dane Hew was wel content,
And lightly in armes he did her hent,
And thought to haue had good game:
Sir, she said, let be, for shame!
For I wil knowe first what I shall haue,
For when I haue it I wil it not craue;
Giue me twenty nobles first,
And doo with me then what ye list.
By my preesthood, quoth he, than,
Thou shalt haue in gold and siluer anon;
Thou shalt no longer craue it of me,
Lo my mistresse where they be;
And in her lap he it threw.
Gramercy! she said vnto Dane Hew.
Dane Hew thought this wife to assay:
Abide sir, she said, til I haue laid it away:
For so she thought it should be best.
With that she opened then a chest;

Then Dane Hew thought to haue had her alone,
But the tayler out of the chest anon,
And said, sir Munk, if thou wilt stand,
I shall giue thee a stroke with my brand,
That thou shalt haue but little lust vnto my wife.
And lightly, without any more strife,
He hit Dane Hew vpon the hed,
That he fel down stark dead.
Thus was he first slain in deed;
Alas! then said his wife, with an euil speed,
Haue ye slain this munk so soone?
Whither now shall we run or gone?
There is no remedy, then said he,
Without thou giue good counsail to me;
To conuay this false preest out of the way,
That no man speak of it, ne say
That I haue killed him, or slain,
Or els that we haue doon it in vain.
Yea sir (she said) let him abide,
Til it be soon in the euen tide,
Then shall we him wel conuay,
For ye shall beare him into the Abba
And set him straight vp by the wall,
And come your way foorth withall;

The Abbot sought him all about,
For he heard say that he was out,
And was very angry with him in deed,
And would neuer rest, so God me speed,
Vntil Dane Hew that he had found,
And bad his man to seek him round
About the place, and to him say
That he come speak with me straight way.
Foorth went his man, til at the last
Beeing abrode his eye he cast
Aside: where he Dane Hew did see;
And vnto him then straight went he,
And thinking him to be aliue
He said, Dane Hew so mut I thriue,
I haue sought you and meruel how
That I could not finde you til now.
Dane Hew stood as stil as he that could not tel
What he should say, no more he did good nor il.
With that the Abbots man said with good intent,
Sir ye must come to my Lord, or els you be shent.
When Dane Hew answered neuer a dele,
He thought he would aske some counsail;
Then to the Abbot he gan him hye,
I pray you my Lord come by and by,

And see where Dane Hew stands straight by th
wall,
And wil not answere what so euer I call.
And he stareth and looketh vpon one place,
Like a man that is out of grace;
And one woord he wil not speak for me:
Get me a staf (quoth the Abbot) and I shall see,
And if he shall not vnto me answere.
Then when the Abbot came there,
And saw him stand vpright by the wall,
He then to him began to call;
And said thou false Bribour thou shalt aby
Why keepest thou not thy seruice truely?
Come hether he said, with an euil speed;
But no woord that Dane Hew answered in deed.
What whorsō (q. the Abbot) why spekest not thou
Speak or els I make God a vow
I wil giue thee such a stroke vpon thy head,
That I shall make thee to fall down dead.
And with that he gaue him such a rap,
That he fel down at that clap.
Thus was he the second time slain,
And yet he wroght them much more pain;
As ye shall afterwarde heer ful wel.
Sir, quoth the abbots, an ye haue doon il,

For ye haue slain Dane Hew now,
And suspended this place I make God a vow.
What remedy (quod the Abbot than?)
Yes, quoth his man, by sweet Saint Iohn,
If ye would me a good rewarde giue,
That I may be the better while that I liue.
Yes (q. the Abbot) xl. shillings thou shalt haue,
And if thou can mine honor saue:
My Lord I tel you so mot I thee
Vnto such a Taylers house haunted he,
To woo his prety wife certain;
And thither I shall him bring again,
And there vpright I shall him set,
That no man shall it knowe or wit.
And then euery man wil sain
That the Tayler hath him slain.
For he was very angry with him
That he came to his wife so oft time.
Of his counsail he was wel appaid;
And his man took vp dane Hew that braid:
And set him at the Taylers door anon,
And ran home as fast as he might gone.
The Tayler and his wife were in bed,
And of Dane Hew were sore afraid;

Lest that he would them bewray,
And to his wife began to say—
All this night I haue dreamed of this false caitife,
That he came to our door (quoth he to his wife)
Jesus (quoth his wife) what man be ye
That of a dead man so sore afraid ye be?
For me thought that you did him slo.
With that the Tayler to the door gan go,
And a Polax in his hand,
And saw the Munk by the door stand;
Whereof he was sore afraid;
And stil he stood and no woord said,
Til he spake vnto his wife;
Dame now haue I lost my life,
Without I kil him first of all.
Foorth he took his Polax or mall,
And hit Dane Hew vpon the head,
That he fel down stark dead.
And thus was Dane Hew three times slain,
And yet he wrought him a train,
Alas, quoth the Taylers wife,
This caitife doth vs much strife:
Dame, he said, what shall we now doo?
Sir, she said, so mote go.

The Munk in a corner ye shall lay,
Til to morow before the day;
Then in a sack ye shall him thrast,
And in the Mil dam ye shall him cast.
I counsail it you for the best surely,
So the Tayler though to doo truely.
In the morning he took Dane Hew in a Sack.
And laid him lightly vpon his back;
Vnto the Mil Dame he gan him hye,
And there two theeues he did espye,
That fro the Mil came as fast as they might:
But when of the Tayler they had a sight,
They were abashed very sore,
For they had thought the miller had come theret
For of him they were sore afraid.
That the Sack there down they laid,
And went a little aside I cannot tel where,
And with that the Tayler saw the sack lye there.
Then he looked therin anon;
And he saw it was ful of Bacon;
Dane Hew then he laid down there,
And so the bacon away did beare;
Til he came home and that was true,
The theeues took vp y^e. sack with dane Hew,

And went their way til they came home.
One of the theeues said to his wife anon,
Dame look what is in that sack, I thee pray
For there is good bacon by my fay;
Therefore make vs good cheer lightly;
The wife ran to the Sack quickly;
And when she had the Sack vnbound,
The dead Munck therein she found.
Then she cryed out, and said alas,
I see heer a meruailous case,
That ye haue slain Dane Hew so soon;
Hanged shall ye be if it be knowen.
Nay, good dame, said they again to her,
For it hath been the false miller!
Then they took Dane Hew again,
And brought him to the mil certain,
Where they did steal the Bacon before,
And there they hãged Dane Hew for store;
Thus was he once hanged in deed,
And y^e theeues ran hõe as fast as they could speed:
The Millers wife rose on the morning erly,
And lightly made herself redy,
To fetch some Bacon at the last,
But when she looked vp she was agast,

That she saw the munk hang there ;
She cryed out, and put them all in fere ;
And said heer is a chaunce for the nones,
For heer hangeth the false Munk by cocks bones,
That hath been so Lecherous many a day,
And with mens wiues vsed to play.
Now some body hath quit his meed ful wel,
I trow it was the Deuil of Hel ;
And our Bacon is stolne away,
This I call a shrewd play.
I wot not what we shall this winter eate,
What wife (quoth the Miller) ye must all this
 forget ;
And giue me some good counsail I pray.
How we shall this Munk conuay,
And priuily of him we may be quit ;
Sir, she said, that shall you lightly wit.
Lay him in a corner til it be night,
And we shall conuay him or it be day light.
The Abbot hath a close heer beside,
Therein he hath a good horse vntide,
Go and fetch him home, at night,
And bring him vnto me straight,
And we shall set him there vpon in deed,
And binde him fast so God me speed,

And giue him a long pole in his hand,
Like as he would his enmies withstand.
And vnder his arme we will it thrust,
Like as he would fiercely iust.
Fo[r] (she said) as ye wel knowe,
The Abbot hath a Mare gentle and lowe,
Which ambleth wel and trotteth in no wise,
But in the morning when the Abbot dooth rise,
He commaundeth his mare to him to be brought:
For to see his workmen if they lack ought.
And vpon the mare he rideth as I you tel,
For to see and all things be wel.
And when this Horse seeth this mare anon,
Vnto her he wil lightly run or gone:
When the Miller this vnderstood,
He thought his wiues counsail was good.
And held him wel therwith content,
And ran for the horse verament,
And when he the horse had fet at the last,
Dane Hew vpon his back he cast;
And bound him to the horse ful sure,
That he might the better indure,
To ride as fast as they might ren;
Now shall ye knowe how the Miller did then,

He tooke the horse by the brydle anon,
And Dane Hew sitting theron;
And brought him that of the mare he had a sight,
Then the hoıse ran ful right.
The Abbot looked a little him beside,
And saw that Dane Hew toward him gan ride;
And was almoste out of his minde for feare,
When he saw Dane Hew come so neere,
He cryed help for the looue of the trinitie,
For I see wel that Dane Hew auenged wil be.
Alas I am but a dead man!
And with that from his mare he ran;
The abbots men ran on Dane Hew quickly,
And gaue him many strokes lightly:
With clubs and staues many one,
They cast him to the earth anone;
So they killed him once again,
Thus was he once hanged and foure times slaine;
And buried at the last as it was best,
I pray God send vs all good rest.

Amen.

NOTES TO PIERS OF FFULHAM.

Page 117.

In see in ryver, &c.

In se, in feld, and eke in ryvere.
Life of Ipomydon, v. 63.
In toun, in feld, in frith and fen.
Minot's Poems, p. 9

Ibid.

What fisshe, &c. Thus Plautus compares a slippery and uncertain fellow to an eel :

" Ps. Ecquid argutu' est ? Ch. malorum facinorum sæpissime.
" Ps. Quid cum manifesto-tenetur ? Ch. *anguilla est elabitur.*"
Pseudolus, A. II. Sc. IV. l. 57.

The excess in banqueting in Edward the Third's time was so great, that he was obliged in the seventeenth year of his reign to establish certain rules, forbidding any common man to have dainty dishes at his table, or costly drink.

Stowe says (Chron. p. 267,) at the marriage of Lionel Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward III. with Violentis, the daughter of Galeasius the Second, Duke of Milan; there was a rich feast, in which above thirty courses were served at the table, and the fragments that remained were more than sufficient to have served one thousand people.

The feast made in honour of the nuptials of King Henry the Fourth, with the Lady Jane of Navar, in the year 1403, consisted of six courses; the first three were of flesh and fowls, the three last chiefly of fish.

In the first course of the wedding of Henry the Fourth, in 1403, we find Fesaintys; in the second, Partryche; in the third, Woodecokke, Plovere, Quaylys, Suytys, and Feldfare. In the first course of fish, Lampreys pouderyd, Pyke, Breme, Samoun rostyd, in the second, Samoun, Congre, Gurnarde, Lampreys in past; in the third, Tenche enbrace, Perchys, Lamprey rosted, Lochys, and Sturjoun.

At the coronation feast of Catherine and Henry the Fifth, in 1419, we find Pyke in erbage, Breme of the see, and Perche with goion.

At the coronation feast of Henry the Sixth, 1429, was a Heyron rosted, great pyke or luce, and *Carpe.*

In Sir Richard Baker's Chronicle are the following well-known verses:

> Hops and turkies, carps and beer
> Came into England all in a year.

The opinion expressed in these lines was first controverted

by Walton in the Complete Angler; he says carp were introduced into this country by one Mr. Mascal about the year 1580. Juliana Barnes, who wrote her Treatyse of Fysshynge wyth an angle, about the year 1400, or probably a little later, says, the carp "is a deyntous fysshe, but there ben but fewe in Englonde. And therfor I wryte the lasse of hym." This therefore was, no doubt, considered a rarity worthy to be placed "inter lanres mensasq: nitentes" of the coronation banquet of Henry the Sixth.

Page 118.

"The Barbyll is a swete fysshe; but it is a quasy meete, and a peryllous for mannys body."—*The Treatyse of Fysshynge. W. de Worde*, 1496.

Could not the surging and distempered seas
Thy queasy stomacke gorged with sweet meats please.
Verses on the Duke of Buckingham's Return from the Isle of Rees. MS. in Caii Coll. 143.

Page 119.

Stew also signifies a place of ill-fame, a brothel, in which sense it is used in Hycke-scorner.

"They twayne togyder had good sporte;
"But at the *stewes syde* I lost a grote:"

and farther on,

"At the *stues* we wyll lye to nyght,"

"And truely I thinke some of these places are little better than the stewes and Brothell houses were in times past."—*Stubbes' Anatomy of Abuses*, p. 49.

Page 119.

The cely fisshes, &c. The verb *excuse* is used similarly in Hycke-scorner:

For and I had not *scused* me without fayle,
By our lady, he wolde have lad me strayte to jayle.

Also by Shakespeare,

And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemned *and myself excus'd*.
Romeo and Juliet, A. v. sc. iii.

Page 120.

WARE, *to beware*; warian, bewarian, A. S. the Gr. words ὁράω and βλέπω, answer to this, the latter of which in its primary signification means to see, in its secondary sense to take heed, the same analogy may be remarked in the Sec. G. *War Videns*. "And but yf that a man *be well ware* how he goth, he may so doo he shall not come out agayn."—*Informacyon for Pylgrymes. W. de Worde.*

"Bot sho es *war* with his gilvy."
Ywaine and Gawin, v. 1604.
"Or ye bene *war* apoun you wil thay be."
G. Dougl. 4446.

War is also used in the sense of *aware off.*

" Off Nynyve they wer *ware.*"
Richard Coer de Lion, v. 636.

The word WARE is also used as an adjective, in which sense it is perhaps taken here ; *be a wise and prudent man*: thus in Ywaine and Gawin, v. 1241.

" He es cumen of hegh parage,
" And wonder doghty of vasselage,
" *War and wise* and ful curtayse."

Page 120.

Off ffat elys, &c. By a passage in Gammer Gurton's Needle, (Act II. sc. 1.) it may be inferred that eels in the reign of Edward the Sixth, were considered delicacies ;

" *Her eele,* Hodg ! who fisht of late ? *that was a dainty dish.* "

Ibid.

WARE, *merchandize, goods, commodities, &c.* A. S. waree merces.

" Hue nolden take for huem raunsoun ne *ware.*"
A ballad against the French in Ritson's Antient Songs, p. 22.

Page 122.

PANTEIR. S. a swoop net. F. panthiere, or better from pantiere, which come from the Greek πανθηρα, quia omnia obvia abripit.

"Tyll on morow when Tytan shone full dere
"The byrd was trappyd and caute wyth a pantera."
Lydgates Chorl and the Byrde. MS.

Page 123.

Finally he (Paul the Third) is a great astronomer, and so olde a man, that (as thei saie) for the most part he is nourished with the suck of a woman's breast: and to helpe his *colde nature*, hath, &c. &c.—*Thomas' Description of Italy*, p. 73, *Berthelett*. 1549.

"Wherefore he called his cone and prayed him for to "gyue hym a draught of muste. His sone answered and "sayd. That wyll not do for I must is not good for thy "complexyon."—*Gesta Romanorum.* *W. de Worde.*

"Also whan ye come to dyuers hauens be ware of fruytes "that ye ete none for nothynge, as melons and such colde "fruytes, for they be not accordynge to oure complexion." —*Informacyon for Pylgr.* *W. de Worde.*

Page 125.

Lyme Twigges. S. twiggs covered with birdlime; from the A. S. lime, bitumen, and twig, ramus.

"Thy lymetwyggs and panters I defy."
The Tale of the Byrde and the Chorle, by Lydgate, MS. in Trin. Coll. Lib. Cant.

"Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
"Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!"
Hen. VI. p. 2. A. iii. S. 3.

"You must lay lime, to tangle her desires."
Two Gent. of Verona, A. iii. S. 3.

"Poor bird! thou'dst never fear the net, nor lime,
"The pit-fall, nor the gin."
Macbeth, A. iv. S. 2.

—"To birds the lime-twig, so
"Is love to man an everlasting foe."
Fanshaw's Pastor Fido, i. 4.

————"He throws,
"Like nets, or lime-twiggs, wheresoe'er he goes,
"His title of barrister."
Donne.

"York and impious Beaufort, that false priest,
"Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings."
Henry VI. p. 2. A. ii. S. 4.

"Over her bylevith in folie,
"So in the lym doth the flye."
King Alisaunder, 419, 420.

Lycorouse, adj. dainty-mouthed, or sweet-toothed: A. S. liccera, gullosus.

"Let not Sir Surfeit sit on thy board:

"Leve him not for he is lechyrous and licorous of tongue.
"And after many manner of meat his mawe is a hungered."

Pierce Plowman's Vision.

"Certayne it is, that this life of ours is a continuall "warrefare, a pitchte fielde, wherein, as the lickerous "tounge of our mother ene hath justly pruoked the Lorde," &c.—*Playes confuted in fiue actions, by Step. Gosson.* Lond. 12mo. n. d. b. l.

In the time of Elizabeth, they dined at one o'clock; and such as eat suppers most commonly sat down to meat about seven o'clock in the evening, or a little before. In Mary's reign, the hour of supper at court seems to have been still earlier; for in Fox's Martyrs, Weston promises Bradford that he would go and say evening song before the Queen, and speak to her in his [Bradford's] behalf, but [he adds] it is to be thought that the Queen had almost supped at that present, for it was past six of the clock.

In an account (in Anthony Wood's life) of the extraordinary custom at Merton College, of the indignity fresh men then endured, we are told the fellows would go to supper at six o'clock [this was in the year 1647].

And nowe a dayes, if the Table be not couered from the one ende to the other, as thicke as one dish can stand by an other, with delicate meate of sundrie sortes, one cleane different from an other, and to euery dishe a seurall sauce appropriate to hys kinde, it is thought there unworthy the name of a dinner: yea, so many dishes shal you haue

pestering the table at once, as the unsaciablest ffellow, the devouringst glutton, or the greediest comorant that euer was, can scarce eate of euery one a little. And these many shal you haue at the first course, and as many at the second, and peradventure, more at the third: besides other sweete condiments, and delicate confections, of spiceries, and I can not tell what. And to these dainties, all kinde of wines are not wanting, you may bee sure. Oh what nisitie is this: what vanitie, excesse, riott, and superfluitie is heere: Oh farewell former worlde: for I haue heard my father say, that in his dayes, one dishe or two, of good wholesome meate, was thought sufficient for a man of great worshippe to dine withall, and if they had three or foure kinds, it was reputed a sumptuous feast. A good peece of beefe was thought then, good meate, and able for the best, but nowe, it is thought too grosse for their tender stomackes to disgest.—*Anatomie of Abuses*, p. 59.

Page 125.

And hereby it appeareth, that no people in the world, are so curious in *new fangles*, as they of Aligna bee.—*Stubbe's Anat. of Abuses*, p. 7.

And licentious in all their wayes, whiche easely appeareth by their apparell, and newfangled fashions, eury day inuented.—*Stubbe's Anat. of Abuses*, p. 47.

Page 126.

Save *reresoupers*, &c.

The public suppers of the Normans were generally fol-

lowed by dancing; and that by the rear-supper, or collation, consisting of spiced cakes and medicated wines.

Page 126.

JAPE, v. to mock, deride, delude. Skinner deduces it from the F. Gaber, and gives it the respective meanings of comprimere, stuprare, vitiare.

Jamieson from the A. S. geap, fraudulentus.

JAPE, s. a jest. From this word is derived gibe, to jeer; jybe, in the Yorkshire dialect, and signifies sport, jest, &c.

> " He gan his beste japes forth to easte,
> " And made her so to laugh at his folie."

" Wherefore notwithstanding that thou speak rebukefully to me, I tak it in iape." —*Pasquil the Playne.*

" Now thus it appereth that it is but a iape and a vanite."—*Miles and Clericus*, p. 10.

> " And all his ernest tourneth to a iape."
> *The Mill. Tale*, 281.

In the sense of insulting over those under our subjection:

> " The God of love deliverly
> " Came lepande to me hastily,
> " And sayid to me in grete jape
> " Yelde the, for thou maie not escape."
> *Chauc. Rom. Rose*. 1927.

Gawin Douglas applies the word to the Trojan horse,

" Vnder the feit of this ilk bysnyng jaip."
46, 47.

" Quhat wenys fulis this sexte buk be bot japis."
Prol. 158. 16.

" To harberie that iaip."
Watson's Collect. v. ii. p. 22.

" Thus in Braband has he bene,
" Whare he bifore was seldom sene,
" For to prove thaire japes."
Minot's Poems, p. 23.

" The two knyghtys grete yapys made."
The Erle of Tolous, v. 697.

" He had a jape of malice in the derk."
Coke's Prol. v. 4336.

" A litel jape that fell in our citee."
ib. 4341.

" As he did erst, and all n'as but a jape."
Chauc. v. 16780.

" That when the ende is known, all will turn to a jape."
—*Gammer Gurton's Needle.*

" Also take good hede to your knyues and other small japes.—*Informacyon for Pylgrymes.*

" The pilfryng pastime of a crue of apes,
" Sporting themselves with their conceited japes."
Longate verses, &c.

"I jape not, for that I say weill I knaw."
G. Douglas, 41, 34.

"Thetis hath so bejaped Deidamie."
Gower.

—Be japed with a mowe.
Gower. Conf. Am. f. 68. a.

"Nay jape not hym, he is no smal fole."
Skelton, p. 236.

It was also used in another sense :—Now have ye other vicious manners of speech, but sometimes and in some cases tolerable, and chiefly to the intent to moove laughter and to make sport, or to give it some prety strange grace ; and is when we use such wordes as may be drawen to a foule and unshamefast sence, as one that should say to a young woman, I pray you let me jape with you, which is indeed no more but let me sport with you. Yea, and though it were not so directly spoken, the very sounding of the word were not commendable, as he that in the presence of ladies would use this common proverbe :

Jape with me, but hurt me not,
Bourde with me, but shame me not.

For it may be taken in another perverser sense by that sorte of persons that heare it, in whose eares no such matter ought almost to be called in memory.—*Puttenh. Art of Eng. Poetry*, B. III. c. 22.

For he japed my wyfe, and made me cuckolde.
Hycke-Scorner.

A man may, &c.—Herrick has an epigram on this sentiment:

> " Haste is unhappy : what we rashly do
> " Is both unluckie, I, and foolish too :
> " Where war with rashnesse is attempted there,
> " The Soldiers leave the field with equall feare.
>
> *Hesperides*, p. 99.

Page 127.

Stubbes, in noticing " the speedy decay of those that geue themselues to daintie fare," says, " doth not the whole bodie become pursie, and corpulent, yea sometimes decrepite withall, and full of all filthie corruption ?"

Ibid.

At the time of Henry II. kings sat at meat attended by their physicians; which is confirmed by what Robert of Glocester says, for king Henry the First desirous to eat of a lamprey that was brought to the table, was advised by his physicians to forbear, because it was unwholesome for him :

> He wylled of a lampreye to ete
> But hys leches hym verbede, vor yt was a feble mete.

Leche was a term applied to all men who practised physic: the word is still retained in some counties ; a cow doctor is called a cow leche.

Ibid.

Allway kepe, &c.

> And, when there is no *more inke in the pen*,
> I wyll make a shift, as wel as other men.
>
> *Lusty Juventus.*

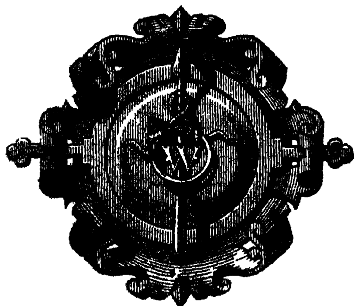
Page 127

Lyvflooде, livelihood, liban, M. G libban. A.S. to live. Hood, in composition, placed after a noun, signifies office, way of life, &c and is perhaps derived from οδος, Gr. οσοι του βιου ταυτην την οδον επορευθησαν.—*Isoc.*

" And learn to labour with hand for *live-lode* is sweet.
Pierce Ploughman

" And by this *lyve lod* I must live till Lammas time '
Ibid

THE END.



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